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The Week

ELECTIONS for the Polish constituent assembly are scheduled for January 26, when all citizens, men or women, who have completed their twenty-first year are entitled to take part in the universal, equal, direct, secret, and proportional voting. Much turns on the decision, and all sorts of forces are in play. The situation is confused by obviously interested reports but appears to be as follows: There is in Warsaw the Government of General Pilsudski, objected to by its conservative critics as drawn mainly from the Social Democratic party and the Peasants League, and by its radical critics as anti-Socialist. In Paris is the so-called Polish National Committee, a body with no regular political basis, led by Roman Dmowski and represented at large by Paderewski; it is the organ of the landlord and clerical group. This party has by highly dubious methods secured the appearance of commanding the very important support of the several million Poles in America. Its present object is evidently to force a reorganization of the Pilsudski Government before the elections take place. A violent *coup d'état* attempted by Count Sapieha having miscarried, political pressure is being applied. The French Government has refused to recognize the Warsaw Government until it reaches an agreement with the National Committee, and the British and American Missions in Warsaw are reported to be insisting on unity, which apparently also means concession by the Pilsudski Government to the Paderewski group. President Wilson appears, however, to be successfully resisting the strong pressure in favor of military intervention. These attempts to manipulate Polish affairs from the outside are arousing great indignation among Polish Liberals, more especially as they suppose its object to be the constitution of a Greater Poland at the expense of non-Polish populations in Volhynia, Galicia, Posen, East and West Prussia, and the Silesias, with the object of securing, as a *quid pro quo*, the assumption by the Polish Government, thus put under obligations to the Entente countries, of a generous share of the old Russian debt to France and the rest of us. Such a Poland would be a volcano in the centre of Europe, and it is proposed to bring this about by the help of foreign bayonets. Meanwhile the Bolsheviki are reported to be advancing on Warsaw and only one hundred miles away.

OF the four centres of political crystallization in Russia to-day, three depend on foreign military aid—namely, the Kolchak so-called "all-Russian" dictatorship at Omsk in Western Siberia; the reactionary forces under the Cossack general Denikine at Ekaterinodar, east of the Black Sea; and the Tchaikovsky Government just below the Arctic Circle on the White Sea. On the other hand, the Bolsheviki have held sway in Central Russia for almost fourteen months, not only without the help of foreign soldiers, but in spite of Allied intervention. While they have apparently suffered a serious defeat from Perm on the European side of the Urals, they are, on the other hand, regaining important territory in the Baltic provinces which they had been compelled by *force majeure* to renounce at Brest-Litovsk; and these gains are being made in spite of British, Swedish, and Polish coöperation with local anti-Bolshevist forces. The Bolsheviks are reported to have the aid of the Finnish Third Red Army, as well as the help of Letts armed by the British in obvious ignorance of their real sympathies, and they are said to hold Dorpat, Riga, and the Lithuanian capital, Vilna, which the Poles covet, and to threaten Reval. Libau, whence Russian liners were wont to ply to New York, is "protected" by British vessels which promise to stand by till the Gulf of Riga begins to freeze. Under these conditions the question of intervention takes a new form. It is beginning to be seen that inadequate intervention stimulates Bolshevist propaganda—and for intervention on the grand scale what country desires to supply the troops? Japan is reported to be withdrawing all but the least possible number of troops, whatever that may mean; Frenchmen, much as they would like to get the Russian bonds paid, do not care to provide more soldiers, especially in view of the legendary horrors of Napoleon's Russian campaign; and Lloyd George's proposal for a truce and a hearing shows that he sees lions in the present path.

AT Berlin the revolt against the Ebert Government, which for several days took the form of bloody fighting in the streets and about various public buildings, appears to be yielding to the superior military force which the Government was able to assemble; but at this writing the Spartacans continue to hold out. How far the Spartacans represent any considerable following in the city, and what classes support them, morally if not physically, in the struggle which they have precipitated, is not clear at this distance. There is reason for thinking, however, that many who regret the appeal to arms would prefer to have the fighting go on until the Spartacans are beaten, partly because a compromise now would be likely to mean a renewal of hostilities later, and partly in order that the elections for the constituent assembly may be held without interference. Outside of Berlin conditions are discouraging. Riots and street fighting are reported from Stuttgart, Dresden, Leipzig, Hamburg, Augsburg, Düsseldorf, and Münster, showing a wide area of disturbance. In the meantime German troops are fighting the Poles in Posen, and slowly falling back there before the invaders. Members of the peace conference are reported to be greatly disturbed at the course of events in Germany, where the spread of civil war is regarded as a direct incitement to so-called Bolshevism. It cannot be too often pointed out that the best service which the Allies and the United States can render to the German people in the present crisis is to cease talking about the huge indemnities which are to be exacted, or speculating about the number of billion marks which Germany can be made to pay without ruination, and to lift the blockade on food and other necessary commodities. A reasonable provision of food, joined to an opportunity to put their primary economic life in order again, might go a long way at this juncture in rallying the German people to the support of an orderly Government.

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So far as domestic politics are concerned, the general election in England appears to have brought not peace but a sword. The new Ministry which Mr. Lloyd George has announced pleases nobody, and is openly criticised by the press as being neither one thing nor the other. The appointments of Mr. Austen Chamberlain as Chancellor of the Exchequer and Mr. Winston Churchill as head of the War Office and the Air Ministry are especially objected to, not so much, apparently, on the ground that either appointee is incompetent as because of their conspicuous unfitness. Mr. Bonar Law, the former Chancellor of the Exchequer, remains in the Ministry without portfolio, and will continue to act as Government leader in the House of Commons. The whole list appears to represent only a hesitating shuffling of the cards, and leaves the public quite in the dark as to the new policies which Mr. Lloyd George intends to pursue. It is even intimated that Mr. Lloyd George has no policy, that nothing will be done at home until after the peace settlement is agreed upon, at least in outline, and that then the Ministry will be reconstructed. If, as press dispatches indicate, the Labor party is to head the combined Opposition, labor will have attained a new importance in the House of Commons; but the Labor party itself appears to need new leaders, and its ability as the head of a many-sided Opposition is yet to be tested. The organized protest of returned soldiers against the slow process of demobilization is of serious significance, and the tender treatment of the outbreaks by the Government seems to indicate that anything like forcible action or resort to the usual military methods of repression or punishment is regarded as out of the question. The tide of popular opposition to the maintenance of British troops in Russia is running strongly, and it is now announced that the troops are to be withdrawn, and that the operations of the British fleet in the Baltic are to be curtailed. It is clear that the British nation is tired of war, and anxious for nothing so much as for the return of an assured peace.

Now the process of pestering and nagging in our relations with Mexico takes a new turn. Senator Ashurst of Arizona spoke on January 7 to his resolution calling for the purchase of Lower California and part of the province of Sonora. Worthless to Mexico—oh, of course—"American industry, American money, and the American pioneer, would soon turn the Colorado River upon those blistering sands and transform them into smiling fields." Senator Phelan of California solemnly remarked the continual danger of acquisition of this territory by some foreign Power. We notice in the daily press an uncommon run of pious editorial commendation of the project, always with Mexico's interests to the fore. Mexico could replenish her depleted treasury with the money accruing from the cession. She would gain this or that political advantage, this or that social advantage—as, of course, intelligent Mexicans would agree. If the intelligent Mexicans do agree, however, they have so far made no uproar about it that we can hear at this distance. In fact, the leading papers of Mexico condemn the scheme and say very disagreeable things about what they conceive to be its motive—rating it, in short, as a land-grab. One editorial writer, evidently equipped with the Latin sense of humor, says that Mexico relies on President Wilson's theory of the rights of small nations, to abort the menace to Mexico conveyed under Senator Ashurst's proposal. It is an embarrassing suggestion.

On January 7 Senator La Follette protested vigorously against the Government's policy of keeping troops in a country with which it is not at war, and inquired what had become of the resolution offered some time ago by Senator Johnson, which called on the State and War Departments to show cause why our soldiers are still in Russia. Senator Swanson of Virginia undertook to reply, but his speech showed the weakness of an obvious effort to bolster an indefensible cause. He stated that our troops were not there to act on the offensive, but for purely defensive purposes. To give any force to this assertion, he was of course obliged at once to wheel out the pitiful, old, decrepit scarecrow of the German menace. The German menace, it seems, has held out longer in the bracing climate of the Archangel district than it has managed to do elsewhere, and is still encouraging and abetting the criminal propensities of the Bolsheviki. "It is the Bolsheviki who are making the trouble," Senator Swanson said, "and it is to keep the trouble down that our men are being kept there, but back of it all is the German menace. It would be cowardly for us to withdraw now. We cannot abandon Russia after having gone to her aid." The Virginia Senator is probably too experienced a politician to feel any sense of shame at having put up a plea of this kind, but that is his misfortune.

The straightforwardness of M. Pichon's reply to the British proposal for a truce in Russia is in pleasing contrast with the indirections of our Administration spokesmen in the Senate. Whatever M. Pichon's statement lacks in farsighted statesmanship it makes up in frankness. "We shall continue," says the Foreign Minister, "resolutely to refuse it [the Soviet Government] any recognition, and to treat it as an enemy." Here, at least, is Gallic clarity; here is a language we can understand. Indeed, to employ a phrase that became current about the time when the present Russian Government first began to express its opinion of the diplomacy of the war, M. Pichon comes near to speaking "Bolshevik English." We must assume that his logic will now compel him to send adequate French forces to carry on war against France's enemy. By contrast to his directness, what honest American can read Senator Hitchcock's speech without shame? Our operations in Russia, the Senator tells us, are wholly defensive and "friendly," and we are welcomed by the people—the next column informs us that our troops have just advanced and burned a village. Then we learn that the primary object of our invasion has been to prevent the military stores at Archangel and Vladivostok from falling into German hands—and this, two months after Germany's abject surrender! Such talk is arrant and unqualified nonsense, or else it is unblushing hypocrisy. The whole performance is nauseating. Perhaps, when the Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations has time to return from his excursion into ancient history, he will be good enough to answer a question. Now that the "German menace" is removed, does he, or does he not, propose that our troops shall continue to aid M. Pichon's eternal war on "the enemy of France"? Does, or does not, Senator Hitchcock propose to withdraw American soldiers from Russia and Siberia? The American people would like to know.

We should like to believe that political trials and political prisoners are something that we do not have in the United States, but it is a typically political trial that has just closed in Chicago with a verdict of guilty. Victor

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Berger, of the National Executive Committee of the Socialist party; Adolph Germer, national executive secretary of the party; Louis Engdahl, editorial director of the National Socialist Press Service; William Kruse, secretary of the Young People's Socialist League, and Irwin St. John Tucker, a well known radical churchman, were on January 8 convicted of violation of the Espionage Act. It is not fair to judge the verdict on the basis of newspaper reports; but it is unfortunate that it comes at a time when the fighting is over, to punish, on the basis of a widely criticised piece of legislation passed in the heat of the conflict, a group of unquestionably public-spirited and deeply-loved political leaders. In any event, Socialists, and not Socialists alone, are sure to feel the trial to be primarily an attempt to unseat their one champion at Washington in the person of Victor Berger, recently elected for the second time to Congress. The verdict, unless reversed on appeal (and in lessened degree even if reversed), will in practice inevitably constitute one more inroad upon our main dike against lawlessness—the belief that law means justice. Cynicism of the rank and file of working people—which means the mass of the citizens—in regard to the purpose and use of the machinery of law is a bad handicap with which to enter a period like that ahead of us. The Espionage Act and the law responsible for the war powers of the Post Office Department have done more than perhaps any other legislation in our history to breed such cynicism; they cannot be too soon repealed.

THE new American Labor party of Greater New York has put forward a programme of surprising liberality and radicalism. Especially noteworthy is that plank which permits membership in the party to brain workers as well as hand workers, and to the unorganized as well as the organized. The offer of coöperation to the Socialist Party in the selection and election of pro-labor candidates presents to the latter an opportunity for a new flexibility in its nomination of political candidates. Socialists have many times proposed candidates in opposition to those favored by trade-union labor, because of the failure of the latter to endorse certain of their tenets. It would be unbelievable, however, that coalition could not now be effected on the platform adopted by the Labor party. This programme by its inclusiveness swallows up the recent manifesto of the Socialist party. Apparently agreement on all points was not unanimous. Of the moot questions, namely, qualifications for party membership, compulsory military training, amnesty for political and industrial prisoners, Socialist coöperation, the attitude of Labor party candidates to the "old parties," and withdrawal of American troops from Russia, only the last-named passed without protest from the right wing. In all other instances, save for the unsettled point as to whether or not conscription in time of war should be tolerated, the radicals also won. For the remainder of the platform, we do not at the moment recall any reform making for greater economic and political freedom which is not included. Important among the planks is the demand for a "league of workers" to supplement the "league of nations," and opposition to prohibition, against which the Labor party prepares at the outset to fight.

THE narrow interest of American labor in its immediate wage is revealed by its action in the epidemic of street-car strikes throughout the country. The strikers advocate no policy of ownership; whether or not the fare be raised seems not to matter to them, provided the wage increase be paid. For this reason striking street-railway employees often fail to gain the full coöperation of other workers. In Kansas City, union labor, though sympathizing with the strikers to the extent of refusing to ride, is nevertheless apparently only lukewarm in its enthusiasm, feeling certain that an increase of from one to three cents in fares is contingent upon a rise in wages. In Denver recently industrial workers boarded cars, but refused to pay the seven-cent fare approved by the State Utilities Commission. The conductors refused to move the cars until the increase was paid, whereupon the workmen ejected the motormen and conductors and brought six cars into the centre of the city and there abandoned them. A dispatch from Milwaukee on December 31 reported that the city federated unions would operate the cars for the company if the street-car employees went out. The Socialist Mayor, Daniel Hoan, declared that the strike was "a hand-picked affair" ordered by the company against the wishes of its employees. Generally the street-car unions go as blindly against public sympathy as the companies. The latter want increased fares; the former increased wages—that both are at the expense of the public is a matter of indifference. Management and employees in Buffalo last autumn more or less openly combined against the public. Street-car service is in an unhealthy state the country over, to judge by disturbances in Chicago, Milwaukee, Boston, Buffalo, Baltimore, St. Louis, New York, and elsewhere.

THE decision of the Church of the Messiah in New York to follow its pastor, John Haynes Holmes, out of the Unitarian faith and along the untried ways of non-sectarianism is not unlikely to have a wide influence. It is a break with tradition that cannot be ignored even among the evangelical sects of the Protestant faith. Sectarianism of all sorts, Mr. Holmes believes, has seen its day; the churches are of use in this time of swift endeavor only in so far as they are able to indentify themselves with the need of all men for leaders and workers who will push forward, through sweat and blood if need be, toward a life of freedom and opportunity. "The new world will have little use for the old denominational parish church. It will have great need for the community church, serving the social and humanitarian needs of the community. The Church of the Messiah, to fulfil its mission as I see it, must become, not a Unitarian church, but a city church, where Baptists, Catholics, Jews will be welcome." So Mr. Holmes has concluded; and the quick response of his congregation was the response to the idea as well as to the valiant stand of the leader. Under the new plan the Church of the Messiah will leave the Unitarian denomination, change its name, make the pews free, and abolish the historic Unitarian system of a double membership. The programme for community service has not yet been elaborated. It will not be easy for every one to face a break with tradition and the comforts of even so simple a creed as the Unitarian. But if Mr. Holmes is right the churches will have to choose; either vigor and life in a universal faith of service and spiritual understanding—either Socialism, Mr. Holmes says in effect—or comparative sterility and uselessness in the new world that is struggling t its birth. One need not share Mr. Holmes's economic creed to realize the seriousness of the challenge that he throws down to the churches.

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Bolshevism, True and False

THE emphatic repudiation by M. Stephen Pichon, the French Foreign Minister, of Mr. Lloyd George's reported proposal that the Soviet Government of Russia be accorded some kind of official recognition at the peace conference, may have the effect of bringing to a head the discussion which for more than a year has been going on over the status of Russia among the nations. M. Pichon's statement will be equally helpful, however, if it shall also serve in any degree to clear the air regarding the world-wide movement commonly labelled Bolshevism. Now that he has spoken out and will have to be answered, it ought to be a little easier to explain that Soviet and Bolshevik are not different names for the same essential thing; that a Soviet is a political institution, while the Bolsheviki are a political party; that all of Soviet Russia is not Bolshevist, and that large numbers of convinced supporters of the Soviet régime are political opponents of the Bolsheviki; and that the violence upon which the censored press of Europe and America insistently dwells is not the sole achievement of a Government which, in spite of the scandalous treatment which other nations have accorded to it, is nevertheless gradually bringing order and stability out of chaos.

Whether or not such explanation and truth-telling will serve to rehabilitate Russia in the public estimation will depend a good deal, however, upon the frankness with which it is also admitted that Bolshevism, in the sweeping sense in which everybody is now using the term, is only in part the outcome of anything which the Bolsheviki, or, for that matter, the leaders of any phase of the Russian revolution, have said or done. To charge the Russian Bolsheviks, as the press is fond of doing, with a share of responsibility for every considerable strike, whether in Switzerland or Argentina or the United States, or with the employment of unnumbered millions of rubles for the stirring up of revolution in every continent, or with secret complicity in every riot or killing that is accorded prominence on the front page of the newspaper, is to credit them with a propagandist organization and a brimming treasury which everyone who knows Russia knows that they do not possess. The wildest tales of German propaganda and intrigue, ascribed to a Government highly organized and with great financial resource, are not more absurd than the alleged world-wide, systematic, and obviously very expensive activities of a Russian Government which at the same moment is solemnly declared to be hopelessly bankrupt, utterly disorganized, opposed by a majority of its own people, and violently at odds even within itself.

The movement which is now denominated Bolshevism is novel only by virtue of its bitterness and its wide extension. It is the openly violent phase of the long-time struggle of the masses to free themselves from the constrictions of class and privilege, to rid themselves of social institutions which have held them in subjection, and to seize the power to which they feel themselves entitled. With some, in this country or that, the enemy against which they fight is land-holding; with others, capitalism, or labor conditions, or profiteering, or the political machine, or the courts. Whatever the objective, however, it is always something which has seemed to the masses to bar the way to progress, and which, having resisted hitherto all attempts to dislodge it by moderate and accustomed means, must now be destroyed by force. Contemporary Bolshevism, in other words, is both a method and a philosophy. The thing which it seeks to destroy is a thing which it has come to regard as an evil, and the method of destruction is resorted to because the method of reform has failed. The new order which it seeks to instal, on the other hand, is one which is believed to be good.

For any who care to find them, the immediate causes of the present outbursts are not far to seek. They are to be found in the successful overthrow of the Government of the Czar—an action which most enlightened people less than two years ago were hailing with acclaim, and which, by the way, was not the work of Bolsheviki. They are to be found in the unsettlement of national and individual life everywhere by the war, and in the indisposition of people of all classes to go back to the old routine. They are to be found in the practically universal sympathy for peoples who wish to be free, to live under Governments of their own choosing, and to determine their political and social future for themselves, and whose aspirations in these directions seem likely to be restrained or thwarted by the political schemes of greater Powers. They are to be found in the enormous profits which favored businesses have made out of the war, in the laggard treatment of wages and hours, in the inordinate cost of living, in the appalling load of national debt and consequent taxation, in the muzzling of the press and the denial of constitutional rights of assembly and free speech, in the replacement of democracy by autocracy in every democratic state, and in the reactionary temper of the intellectual, propertied, and office-holding classes. These, rather than the hangings and shootings and burnings perpetrated by a revolutionary party in Russia, are the things which to-day make Bolshevism a menace to society everywhere.

It is easier to diagnose the disease than to prescribe an assured remedy, and to some extent the fever must no doubt be allowed to run its course. For the ruthless violence which it engenders, as for the blatant self-seeking which makes capital out of its excesses, there can and should be only condemnation and regret. Yet nothing can be clearer than that mere denunciation is worse than useless, and that every attempt to harry Bolshevism out of the land by harsh pains and penalties or drastic use of police or troops will only spread the violence which such misguided methods are designed to curb. The spirit of open revolt which is now rampant will subside only when the deep irritations which have in the main produced it shall have been removed, and the energy which now vents itself in riot and destruction shall have been put at work in constructive ways. The only way to set the Bolsheviki in their true light, whether good or bad, is to recognize the Soviet Government, and spread broadcast for the peoples the truth about Russia which has been deliberately withheld. There should be an immediate abandonment of secret diplomacy in every form, and the removal without delay of all artificial restrictions upon the distribution of food, upon trade and commerce generally, and upon transportation. The world must have free thought, free speech, and a free press. Most of all, we must set ourselves to give the people the complete control of their governments, and the right to determine, through the orderly processes of government, "their way of life and of obedience." There is but one alternative if these things are not done, and that is for Bolshevism and reaction to fight the battle through.

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Armistice and Blockade

THE signing of the armistice marked the acceptance by Germany of certain important preliminary conditions of peace. Men who pay attention to realities rather than words recognized that this was no making of an armistice in the proper sense of the word, but rather the imposition on a beaten foe of peace terms, no small part of which would prove permanent, and all of which would remain in effect until modified by further positive action. It is in this light that we must view the economic provisions of the instrument. Germany was required to hand over 5,000 locomotives, 150,000 cars, and 5,000 motor lorries; to abandon all navigation materials, ships, tugs, lighters, and supplies of all kinds in ports of occupied territory; to agree that there shall be no transfer of German ships to neutral flags; to give free access to the Baltic; to restore all merchant vessels belonging to the Allies and the United States; and to remove all restrictions on the trade of those Powers with neutrals. In addition, Article 26 provided that "the existing blockade conditions set up by the Allied and associated Powers are to remain unchanged, and all German merchant ships found at sea are to remain liable to capture. The Allies and the United States should give consideration to the provisioning of Germany during the armistice to the extent recognized as necessary." Yet further, when the armistice was prolonged on December 13, "Marshal Foch announced on Mr. Hoover's behalf," to quote a press dispatch, "that the 2,500,000 tons of cargo space lying in German ports must be placed under the Allies' control, to supply Germany with foodstuffs." Associated Press dispatches since that date have told of 500,000 tons of Austrian shipping taken over by Italy as "trustee," and of plans for the transfer of German ships.

With Germany disarmed, the process of economic strangulation applied to her by the "blockade," whatever its legitimacy as a war measure, has become not only an offence against international morality, but a crime against economic common sense and a conspiracy against social order as well. For two months the frantic appeals of the Central Powers for food have been met with cool indifference, with leisurely investigation, with stubborn refusal to let them help themselves by trading with their neighbors, and with calm requisitioning of the ships that might bring the means of life. Meanwhile Germany is struggling with her revolution.

We do not desire to argue the matter at all on moral grounds, though we belong to that remnant who still believe in the teachings of Jesus of Nazareth. And even to those who hold that a declaration of war automatically and rightfully effects a moratorium on the Sermon on the Mount, we might point out that, on their own principles, the armistice, bringing peace, automatically restores moral obligations—or should hatred and revenge hold sway until the peace treaty is ratified? But we would speak only of our own interest and future wellbeing.

Put the question on the lowest grounds first. The Allied statesmen have apparently determined to mulct Germany in every mark of indemnity that they can wring from her. The business is monstrous; it makes mock of all our professions; but it seems to be the policy agreed on. How, then, is the indemnity to be collected? It cannot be paid in gold; the gold does not exist. Germany cannot pay in natural wealth, even though she be stripped of Alsace-Lorraine and the Saar valley and her eastern provinces and her colonies; the passing of sovereignty is not going to extinguish private titles. Even our present hatred would scarcely warrant us in making outright slaves of some millions of Germans and forcing them to work out the indemnity by a generation or two of frank serfdom. How then can Germany pay an indemnity? Only by industry and trade. Are the men who would squeeze blood from the German turnip incapable of thought, or are they only abysmally ignorant of economic facts and principles?

We have another interest in the immediate lifting of the "blockade." The American farmer has raised vast stores of foodstuffs and materials, and the Government has guaranteed him $2.40 for the 1919 wheat crop. The hungry mouths and yawning factories of Germany and northern Europe offer an excellent market which ought to be supplied without waiting for the more distant supplies to come with the release of shipping. Why should that market remain closed? Is it in order that Allied manufacturers may get a further start of German competitors? Let the American representatives continue to press for the modification of the "blockade," insistently—peremptorily, if necessary.

For behind our demand lies an issue far transcending the commercial one. The world's statesmen turned loose the dogs of war, thinking they understood the pack. But in so doing they inoculated the world with the virus of revolution. To-day they stand appalled before their own work, apparently with no idea what to do with this strange new disease. They seek to repress it in their own countries; they palter with it in Russia; they tremble before it in Germany. Do they not see how closely Berlin has thus far paralleled Petrograd? To-day she reproduces the Bolshevist revolt of July, 1917. But let not the Allied statesmen forget that the July uprising was followed by the November revolution, and that from that day to this the Bolshevist Government in Russia has steadily intrenched itself more securely in power. Have they no eyes, no ears, no understanding? Do they not know that unemployment and hunger are the fertile soil of violence and disorder? Or do they desire to see repeated in Berlin the same course of affairs that they helped to bring about in Petrograd?

If they do not, and if they would strengthen the forces of moderation and peaceful change, the forces which we understand and with which we know how to coöperate, let them act, and act at once, to make it possible for Germany to feed herself and set the wheels of her industry in motion. If we do not wish to deal with a Germany in which the forces of extreme Socialism are supreme, nothing is more important than the prompt rehabilitation of her economic life. Starvation and rings of bayonets may kill men's bodies, indeed, and our reliance of late has been too much upon such weapons; but they cannot kill ideas. Revolutionary ideas are abroad to-day. Be they right or wrong, hungry men out of work will cleave to such ideas, and will try to incorporate them into the social order. We do not believe that such men are likely to make the wisest choices. Therefore, not alone for humanitarian reasons, but because we believe in orderly, not violent, processes of social change, in the adjustment of human relations on the basis of reason and not of force—on this ground we desire to see German men, women, and children fed, German factory chimneys smoking, German railways running, German harbors filled with ships bringing the precious food and materials by which the people live. Lift the "blockade"!

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Employment and the Future

TO lay the blame for unemployment, both actual and threatened, on the public authorities has become a common practice. The lack of a plan, the failure to provide in advance for the results of the demobilization of 3,000,000 soldiers, an apparent complacency on the part of the Government—all these have drawn out well-deserved criticism. Yet the fact remains that at this date, with the winter season half over, no dangerous condition of unemployment has developed. According to a recent statement by a federal director of the Employment Service, the existing surplus of labor, even in the large cities, is probably no greater than was usual during January before the war; by the middle of March it is likely to have become critical; two months later the crisis will be over and the surplus largely absorbed. At no time, he asserts, will conditions equal in severity the unemployment crises of 1913 and 1907, although the temper of labor and of the home-coming soldiers is not likely to make for patient endurance. This estimate may be due in part to official optimism. Yet optimism has not been the attitude characteristic of the Employment Service. Three weeks ago there was not an official or an employee at the office in New York city who was not apprehensive, worried, pressed almost to the breaking-point by the swift change for the worse. The pressure is still there, but the apprehension has subsided.

If the country blunders through this period of business suspension and demobilization without serious upheaval, the god of American luck must get the credit. The Government has been short-sighted, too much engaged with the demands and dangers of war to prepare for the dangers of peace. The Federal Employment Service was organized unduly late. In some States it is inefficient almost to the point of uselessness; in none is it completely efficient. Demobilization, against the urgent protests of employment experts and various civil authorities, is proceeding haphazard under the direction of the General Staff. With no regard for the ability of industry to absorb them, the men are being released by the thousands to go where fancy or rumor may lead them. It is estimated that less than forty per cent. are returning to their former positions; a large proportion are not even going home. They are convening in the big cities in search of better places, or different ones, or simply in search of amusement. Too many hope that positions may be handed them as a sort of order-of-merit. When soldiers return to their old situations, it means the general displacement of other men and women.

Business is slow to pick up; farm work, building, and road work, all are out of season. Public work as "buffer employment" has not been generally agreed to or arranged for by local or Federal authorities. The shut-down of war industries has thrown out of employment thousands of men and women and boys who have been receiving wages high beyond all precedent. The junior division of the Federal Employment Service in New York is receiving applications from hundreds of boys who have been paid from $30 to $50 a week in munitions plants and ship-yards. The average wage for boys doing similar work in peace-time industries runs from $8 to $14—for those who can find employment.

More hopeful aspects of the case are, however, beginning to be noticed. Certain industries are reviving more quickly than had been hoped. Particularly in the manufacture of luxuries and of low-priced essentials the return to peace-time conditions is proceeding rapidly. Reports show that the agencies of the Employment Service are placing some 100,000 men every week. Shipyards are still demanding men at war-time wages. The Employment Service is trying to arrange for intelligent demobilization and the early release of those soldiers who have positions promised them, meanwhile providing special bureaus to take care of the men who return. Thanks to the inefficiency of the General Staff rather than to its intelligence, the speed of demobilization seems likely to be outstripped by the passing of Winter. When the most serious crisis arrives, Spring, too, will have arrived to provide work on roads and farms and in the building trades. An appropriation by Congress providing for the continuance of the Employment Service for another year is practically assured.

All possible pressure should be brought to bear to assure the continuance as a permanent institution of the Federal Employment Service. Where it is disorganized and undermanned it should be supplied with the money and the organizing ability to insure efficiency. The coöperation of employers and labor unions should be everywhere encouraged. Private agencies should give up their attitude of stupid opposition. Congress must be made to realize that this Service, created to meet the emergencies of war, must be continued to meet the constant emergencies and demands of peace, now and in the long future. At present the situation is challenging at least, but not bad enough, it would seem, to encourage the wide spread of what the National Security League is fond of calling "the menace of Bolshevism in America." The continuance and development of the Employment Service should do something to assure an orderly reconstruction of our national industrial life.

Government Housing Chaos

FROM the beginning of the war Congress has apparently been suspicious of every scheme for the adequate housing of industrial workers. Only after overcrowding and rent profiteering had gone on for months in munition and shipbuilding centres, so that hardship in finding homes caused a labor turnover in some cases of 700 per cent., could Congress be induced to give attention to the question. Grudgingly, at last, that body appropriated $100,000,000 to the United States Housing Corporation and $70,000,000 to the Emergency Fleet Corporation. Now that the war is over, the Senate, out of fear lest taxpayers lose money, and because of certain charges against one construction company, has peremptorily ordered a stoppage on all housing projects not 75 per cent. completed. The resolution is now pending in the House, where Secretary Baker, United States Housing Corporation officials, the National Housing Association, and labor representatives have appeared to oppose the blanket order. It is pointed out that as there is no market for uncompleted buildings, the practical thing for the Government to do is to finish the projects and dispose of them under a well-considered plan. Even before the Senate acted, the Housing Bureau of the Government had stopped all work and terminated all contracts affecting localities in which in their judgment no permanent demand for housing would be likely to exist in peace time. When the armistice was signed, fifty-five such projects were abandoned and fourteen others were curtailed. Twenty only are proceeding as

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planned. While our Congressmen and Senators are about to throw away all advance in housing standards made by us during the war, England and France are renewing their efforts to provide better homes and more beautiful cities for their returned soldiers.

All the permanent villages owned by the United States Government—almost half a hundred in number—have been developed with an eye to economy and beauty. In each case ample ground has been selected; no more than ten or twelve houses have been assigned to an acre. The dwellings are not placed in monotonous rows with criss-cross streets like a gridiron, but the logical entrance to the town is selected; houses are grouped about curving roadways, and when their architecture is duplicated, they face in various directions to avoid monotony. Community houses, not yet far advanced, are provided for in the original plan.

The immediate sale of land and buildings is being urged in Congress. In the majority of cases the private company concerned would probably be glad to buy the entire project, provided its industry can be put on a peace basis. But such a sale is fraught with the usual dangers to the employee: He can be dispossessed in case of strike or lockout; his welfare will be completely in the hands of the employer, even to the buying of commodities from the village stores. We have few encouraging precedents for the adequate housing of workmen by American corporations. On the other hand, the selling of the houses to the workmen is conditioned upon a revaluation of the property which shall discount the high cost of materials due to the war. An old prejudice of the American Federation of Labor also works against the sale of homes to workmen because it interferes with the mobility of labor. Yet the general feeling among those most interested in the housing question seems to be that a substantial majority of the workmen would be glad to purchase the houses themselves. Piece-meal selling, however, unless wisely managed, makes room for the speculator. The Central Federated Union of New York city passed last month a resolution protesting against the Government's suspension of work on projects not 75 per cent. completed, and declaring that the houses should be kept by the Government and rented to workers, instead of being sold to real estate speculators who would charge much higher rates than the Government.

If the houses are to be retained by the Government, there are many who believe that war costs should be written off and a reasonable rental fixed on the basis of pre-war costs. The sensible plan, aside from minor difficulties, and in spite of serious opposition from impatient Congressmen, is that the Government should hold the permanent projects for the time being, and give leisure for wise decisions on procedure. Community buildings must be provided immediately, if the colonies are to be retained at all. After stabilization of the community and the growth of municipal pride, ultimate formation of a joint stock company might become possible. The community should in a few years be able to buy itself free from the Government, after which the net earnings would be available for town improvements. In the meantime a new Congress is coming in, which seems likely to react from the thought of even temporary Government ownership, wishing nothing more than a return as speedily as possible to the old individualism in all things, together with indiscriminate curtailment of expenditure. Yet here are a few beautiful communities well begun; they ought to be kept intact and guarded from exploitation in any form.

The New Bread Line

AS we contemplate the uncommonly fit and rugged look of our moneyed aristocracy these days, we are led to moralize on the sweet uses of hardship and the eternal principle of compensation. The bread line has moved uptown from Fleischmann's and the Bowery to the hotel and theatre district. It has also changed character. No longer a proletarian institution, it is for the gilded waifs and strays who find themselves dinnerless, lunchless, supperless in the realm where once was plenty. Between high prices and the sinister influence of Mr. Hoover, it has been some time since the well-to-do patron of our hotels and restaurants could as a matter of course treat himself to an old-style square meal. And now, as a literary friend of ours puts it, "the gin'ral restiveness of the proletariats has extended itself into the Waiters' Union," with depressing consequences. Where once were light and gayety and opulence there are now closed doors, stacked tables, and a murky duskiness—the Twilight of the Gods. Here and there a corner opens, possibly a room or two yielding food after its kind, and with service that is not the shadow of its former shade. Outside stand the elect, herded into halls and lobbies, roped off by silken cords, numbered and ticketed, awaiting their turn. We have seen it with our own eyes.

Meanwhile at the Dance of the Ten Thousand held at Madison Square Garden on New Year's Eve, the assembled merrymakers—for the most part, we hear, sneering and depraved Socialists, anarchists, and enemies of the social order—were served by waiters from the uptown restraurants; striking waiters, who chose this means of adding unspeakable insult to irreparable injury. We are told, too, that the striking waiters contemplate organizing a chain of coöperative tipless restaurants in New York, and going after the business which their former proprietors found lucrative. Perhaps they will try Lenine's experiment of buying capitalist brains to manage their venture, and we may yet see Mr. Muschenheim or Mr. Raymond Orteig on a $50,000 salary as their organizing genius until they become able to dispense with any aid from the boorjoui and take to treading them under their feet.

In our anxiety we have made two encouraging observations. Eye, gait, and complexion all bear witness that our leisure class is not overeating—these, and a persistent disposition to see the humor of the situation; which disposition coexists not but with a gravel-proof digestion and a liver that functions sturdily. Then, too, we notice with gratification that the Chinese restaurants are being heavily patronized, and by quite the kind of people that one saw regularly elsewhere. Some day when use-and-wont has done away with the suspicion of indelicacy, we will mention some of the erstwhile four hundred whom we have seen making themselves at home in our favorite resorts, with quite the air of having been there before. Thus it seems that our aristocracy is learning to eat good food and not too much of it; which is a great advantage. Mr. William Allen White might draw an impressive moral lesson from the calamity that has overspread the Tenderloin and trace through it the outworkings of what Mrs. Partington called an unscrupulous Providence. We shall not pretend to do this, but merely to record the satisfactions afforded by the humbler eating places. "Better," said the wise man, "better a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith." Not only better but more healthful—and our new bread line appears to be discovering it.

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Vive Vill-son!

By LEWIS S. GANNETT

NEW YORK has a scant fifteen daily papers in the English language, and several of them are editorially negligible. Paris has fifty dailies, in French, and in most of them the editorials are more important than the news. At least twenty-five have real importance to a student of currents of opinion. Four of them sell more copies daily than does any New York newspaper; the *Petit Parisien* has double the circulation even of Mr. Hearst's ubiquitous *Journal*. None of them were ever as bulky as American papers; in war time they are reduced to four pages, and thrice a week to two. The news service is rigorously condensed, and signed editorials fill a large part of the paper. Almost all French politicians are journalists on occasion; Clemenceau is one of many who are such by profession. The leader-writers of three or four papers are intimate friends of the present Premier, and their articles often echo his opinions more frankly than does his own journal, *L'Homme Libre*.

President Wilson arrived on Saturday morning, December 14. That morning and the next almost all the papers made over their front pages in his honor. Of the five chief morning papers of the more radical type, four ran full six-column ribbon headlines both days, and the other ran four columns. Of the four big *journaux d'information*, three ran six-column heads; the fourth, *Le Matin* (the most chauvinistic of the group) ran four on Saturday and two on Sunday. Six papers of the right wing, the chief press supporters of Clemenceau, averaged a two-column head each on Saturday. *L'Echo de Paris, Le Gaulois, La Démocratie Nouvelle,* and *L'Action Française* had two columns each; *Figaro* only one, and *L'Homme Libre* three. Conservatism in politics and conservatism in headlines may be allies, but that does not explain the whole difference between the journals of the right and of the left. On Sunday *Le Gaulois* and *L'Homme Libre* jumped to six columns each, and *La Démocratie Nouvelle* to three, in response to the warmth of popular feeling.

Editorial opinion showed another sudden conversion. *Le Temps,* which had sung bass in the slighting chorus, subtly attacking Wilsonian ideas and pooh-poohing the league of nations, suddenly faced about, and cried:

> Why do we exhume from the history of the past all the arguments which "prove" the impossibility of founding a league of nations? Why do we insist on combining the new ideas of this league with an old type of alliances, a problem beside which squaring the circle would be simple? Let us finally put ourselves in a spirit to live in a new era. The experiences of the past are not conclusive for the future. Conventions of the cabinet are no guarantee against the demands of the masses. How many things we had to forget or learn, to win the war! To maintain peace, we must innovate in the same proportion. *Novus nascitur ordo.*

That was a new spirit in the conservative group of semi-governmental papers of which *Le Temps* is dean. *L'Echo de Paris, Figaro,* and *L'Homme Libre* had for days persistently attacked the Wilsonian programme under the guise of "interpreting" it. Until the November elections in America, Wilson was sacrosanct in the French press—those who most feared his idealism least dared attack him. The Republican victory had one healthy result; it brought political discussion more into the open. The sudden armistice and the unexpectedly complete collapse of Germany naturally occasioned a chauvinistic reaction from which France is only just beginning to recover. The overwhelming popular welcome to Wilson works toward a shift in the political wind.

The opposition has never been completely open. The fourteen points have nominally been accepted, but there are men ready to interpret them into caricatures of Wilson's intentions. This insistence upon "interpretation" is illustrated by a brilliant editorial from *Figaro* (December 13), which with true French finesse manages to come to the conclusion that literal supporters of the fourteen points are pro-German propagandists:

> In a few days he will be on the continent. I was going to say he would descend to earth. We are used to seeing him appear on the clouds, from whose heights he talks to humanity, and that is dizzying to minds which do not easily mount.
>
> We are not authorized in establishing a premature likeness between Moses and Wilson. Let us leave that impertinence to the gossips of the salons and byways who go about insinuating that the great American statesman comes to us to legislate for the universe. Obviously this irreverent suggestion is not ours, and finds no credit with us; it too evidently corresponds to the propaganda which has steadily but hitherto vainly sought to set the Allies at loggerheads, and to divide opinion in each of them. That explains the zeal of certain groups to set up the famous fourteen articles like scarecrows, attributing to them an imperative pretension before which there is nothing to be done except submit. This is certainly not the spirit in which they are presented by Mr. Wilson's friends and confidantes, who never offer the fourteen points as articles of faith. They are propositions in the philosophical rather than the theological sense of the term—words offered for discussion, not dogmas imposed. One may even say with humor that they are fourteen articles, not ten commandments.

More ingenuously, Auguste Gauvain, who writes with independence and authority in the conservative old *Journal des Débats* (December 13), seeks to calm the fears of those who distrust Wilson:

> Some people insinuate that President Wilson pursues ends different from ours, that our legitimate aspirations meet his resistance, and that if we do not take care, we shall, because of him, fail to gather the fruits of victory. It is false, absolutely false. . . . The programme that he has formulated in his fourteen points is a little disconcerting to French minds accustomed to seeing political questions presented in another style and under a different aspect. . . . But . . . since January 8, President Wilson has already interpreted several of them in a sense which approached ours. He is very frankly disposed to discuss, to take our objections and our propositions into consideration.

He concludes:

> The Americans rushed to our aid in the name of certain principles implying certain conditions. The danger past, the principles and the conditions remain. We are no longer free to reject them. For our part we consider that, far from being an inconvenience they constitute a safeguard for us. But if there be Frenchmen of a different opinion, they ought to tell themselves that they are bound by honor.

The league of nations has acquired a pleasant sound; few dare attack it openly. Only Léon Daudet, the irrepressible Peck's Bad Boy of royalist France, frankly declares (*L'Action Française,* December 15) that "the Society of

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Nations is a *chimera* . . . which Germany renascent could some day exploit to her profit." (Oddly enough he declares for the abolition of conscription because it would in his opinion lead to anti-militarism and thence to Bolshevism. He wants a dependable paid army. His paper hails Wilson as "the great dictator.")

Wilson's insistence has led to the acceptance of the proposition that the league of nations must be a league of all the nations, Germany included—but in that case the opposition wants to have another little league within the league. Pertinax—who is generally believed frequently to act as Clemenceau's mouthpiece, writes in the *Echo de Paris* (December 14):

Let us try out the new order: but, so long as we are not assured of its absolute success, until the quarter of a century indispensable to its testing is past, let us maintain, mediocre and unsatisfactory though they be, the pillars of the old order. In other words, let us accomplish two sorts of organization superimposed on each other: one, which one might call the positive organization, and which will seek to maintain peace by the aid of military, political, and economic guarantees; the other called, if you will, the idealist organization, and proceeding from a juridical conception of international problems. To effect the definitive substitution, let us await the next generation. Immediately realized, it suffers mortal dangers.

L'Homme Libre takes the same tack. So did *Le Temps* before its conversion. Alfred Capus, another friend of the Premier, is more candid and openly declares:

The past conduct of Germany and her present sentiments do not permit her being included, and there can be no question of it until she has expiated and paid. Furthermore, not one of the peoples that she has been fighting with so much cruelty and fury would consent for a moment to this doubtful promiscuity.

Meanwhile this whole group of papers openly insist that the German indemnity must include payment not merely for the enormous damage done by her armies in Belgium, France, Rumania, and Serbia, but for the whole French cost of the war, and that the Allies must now send a larger expedition into Russia to crush the "Bolshevist menace"—demands in doubtful accord with the Wilsonian principles of no punitive indemnities and self-determination of nations. Naturally, the irresponsible jingo evening papers like *La Liberté* and *L'Intransigeant* join the chorus.

More interesting are the hints of a changing spirit in the great *journaux d'information,* which, having no binding political affiliation, vary with the currents of opinion. The greatest of them all, the *Petit Parisien,* swung in late November to the jingoes and added to the gaiety of historians by its proofs that the whole left bank of the Rhine was ethnologically French and less barbaric than the rest of Prussia. It is swinging back, quite unembarrassed. No paper has given more flattering prominence to Wilson's every word and act. On the eve of his arrival Léon Bourgeois, former Premier of France, spread a flattering eulogy over half the first page. Another ex-premier, René Viviani, paid his tribute in the *Petit Journal,* another of the great bourgeois organs:

(Wilson's) words were only the manifestation of a spirit. What spirit? The spirit of protest against historical fatalism, against that enslaving doctrine which taught the supremacy of the fact in the world and that man should bow before it.

The *Matin,* in the left-hand column of its front page, called on Joffre to welcome Wilson; Wilson's picture occupied the middle, too; but the *Matin* could not refrain from a curious bit of propaganda in the right-hand columns, declaring:

Germany is mobilizing the universities. It is a question of preparing a league of nations which surpasses all the other national programmes, which will be the most juridical, the most democratic, the most everything.

Suspicion of the League of Nations was the obvious moral. The *Matin,* owned by Bunau Varilla, has its pet antipathies.

Shrewd observers watch the editorial caprices of *L'Œuvre* with care. Gustave Tery, its incorrigible editor, has served reaction and radicalism in turn with his vigorous and brilliant pen. He is a student of public opinion, and very likely to move two jumps ahead of it. He has supported Clemenceau when Clemenceau was idolized, attacked him when weak, been silent when uncertain. Suddenly in the midst of the chauvinistic wave Tery jumped into the fray, insisting on disarmament as the only possible release from intolerable burdens, on the ridiculousness of such extreme demands for indemnities as are envisaged by the *Matin,* on the necessity of a league of nations, and—most significant of all—on the withdrawal of Allied troops from Russia. Wilson's arrival has accentuated the trend of Tery's editorials. Tery's guess as to the direction in which public opinion is likely to move in the near future is unusually good, possibly owing to the fact that he is utterly unprejudiced by opinions of his own.

Socialists of every shade and group have hailed Wilson as a savior. Indeed, his coming has almost brought unity to a badly split party. There is little outside his fourteen points on which they do not quarrel. But the very unanimity of their support makes the Socialist welcome less interesting. It is without nuances. Marcel Sembat voiced their simple faith in *L'Heure* (December 15):

On him, on his firm will, on his tenacity, rests our best hope of a just and solid peace to-day. . . . The Governments may falsify and divert the will of the people, President Wilson is there to translate and impose it.

L'Humanité published a special Wilson number in which Anatole France, Romain Rolland, D'Estournelles de Constant, Ferdinand Buisson, president of the powerful League of the Rights of Man, Gide, Levy-Bruhl, and Basch, of the Sorbonne, and a dozen others paid their tributes.

Against the jingo leaders of their own country they set Wilson—with full consciousness that he is not wholly with them—and pray for his success. Anatole France salutes him thus:

President Wilson, who entered the war to end it in favor of the peoples and not of the industrial and financial powers which have drawn monstrous profits from it in every country, and to establish on the ruins of imperialist and military Europe an industrious and pacific Europe. . . . This union of peoples whose first bonds, still frail, have been formed at the price of the most generous efforts in the whole world, by Socialism and the workers' international.

Henri Barbusse writes:

The day may come—the very purity of his ideas forbids us to nourish too many illusions—when Wilson the exceptional will become Wilson the isolated, when the ambitions of the other reigning forces will succeed in setting aside or disfiguring by parodies a doctrine whose integral or even simply honest application would officially strike a terrible blow at imperialism; and when little by little all the beauty of the Wilsonian commandments will be dissipated. We ought to fight to the last minute to oppose that. . . . No human being has done more than he to oppose the order of things which for six thousand years has provoked war, and war, which for six thousand years has maintained the order of things.

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Freedom to Teach

By FRANZ BOAS

OWING to repeated conflicts between trustees and faculties of universities, we have heard much about the need of academic freedom in the sense that teaching and research should be free of outside interference, and that the personal freedom of members of the faculties should not be restricted by boards of trustees. There are other aspects of the subject, however, which have not received much attention, and which are vital for a healthy development of university life. Boards of trustees are not the only potential enemies of the freedom of the teacher. The faculties themselves are so constituted that the academic teachers are apt to consider themselves a privileged class in whose hands the development of university teaching and the advance of science rests. Universities can not be the home of the *universitas litterarum*, of the world of knowledge, if their faculties are closed corporations, and if university research and instruction are a monopoly of those who have secured recognition by appointment by the board of trustees of an established university. The younger men of this class are generally appointed on recommendation of the faculty, which, by this means, controls the character of the coming generation of teachers and investigators. A person who has knowledge that he desires to impart, but who stands outside the academic circle, has no opportunity of reaching academic students. The limitation of usefulness brought about by these conditions is most evident in cities of the size and character of Boston, Chicago, or New York. In these cities live numerous scholars of high accomplishment, many of whom would welcome the opportunity to formulate the results of their studies. Every serious student knows the advantage that he himself derives from the opportunity to present the result of his researches in an orderly manner, the clarifying effect of such teaching for the instructor, and the stimulating effect that it has upon the young student who is privileged to listen to such an exposition of original work. To these men the opportunity should be given to offer advanced instruction whenever they wish to do so. The university should stand for the freedom of teaching of all those qualified to teach.

It will be objected that such a policy would open the doors of the university to cranks. I do not believe that this danger is great. It might easily be guarded against if, in each science, a committee existed which could grant to investigators permission to give university instruction according to the merit of their scientific work. Such a committee should not be a faculty committee, because the very object of the plan would be to make the admission to teaching free of faculty control and to place it entirely on the basis of meritorious work. In most sciences there exist societies which have a standing sufficiently high so that a committee consisting, let us say, of their past presidents could pass on the merits of individuals; or committees consisting of representatives of various universities might perform their task. Both methods would minimize the danger that local university interests might influence the decision. It would be well if the right of affiliation with a university might be bestowed as an honor, without application, merely as a recognition of work that has reached a certain standard of excellence.

All this means that our universities ought to take the necessary steps to give up their isolation and grant to other educational and scientific agencies a voice in the control of their affairs. Without such steps no real progress is possible. We cannot continue to allow our educational affairs to be dictated by isolated bodies of trustees and faculties who necessarily look after the interests of their own institutions, without any attempt at coördination with the work of other institutions. At the present time, this method has strained our whole system well-nigh to the breaking point.

Competition of the type here advocated is unwelcome to many faculty members who like to control the work offered in their departments. In some cases there may be a dread of opposing theory or opinion, in others the fear of distracting students from the course of instruction that has been laid out for them. In still other cases the fear of losing students through outside competition may play a rôle. None of these objections, however, should stand in the way of the liberalization of the academic staff, because the control of opinion, the rigid determination of a course of study, and jealousies of competing teachers are all equally opposed to progress.

The realization of such a plan as that suggested is beset with certain financial difficulties. In those sciences in which laboratories or other costly apparatus are needed, additions to the material equipment might be necessary. The volunteer instructor should be entitled to a remuneration, the amount of which should depend on the number of his students, although allowance should be made for the total number of students in the country who devote themselves to the subject in question. If this remuneration had to be provided by the university, it might place an additional burden upon its sorely tried shoulders. On the other hand, if the attempt were made to replace some of the necessary routine teaching by the volunteer teaching here advocated, the very purpose of the move would be frustrated. The additional intellectual force should not be harnessed to routine work and used to reduce the regular university staff, but it should be rigidly confined to the kind of teaching that the individual investigator may choose for himself.

For this reason I believe that a great step in advance might be achieved if one of our many wealthy benefactors of science were to establish a fund for the remuneration of volunteer teachers who should be admitted according to the principle of merit, and whose remuneration should be determined by the success of their work. It seems probable that such a fund would be the means of giving to academic freedom an entirely new meaning. It would break down the social barriers that are raised around the academic teacher, make a clear separation between scientific achievement and social standing, and thus further the free advance of science by placing on a level of equality the academic profession and the investigators who are engaged in other occupations.

A new freedom is needed, not only for teaching but also for learning. We are wont to speak of academic freedom as freedom of the teacher, but greater academic freedom is needed also for the student. The tradition of the college and the school, in which the course of study is hedged in by innumerable rules and regulations, is still controlling in the university. Even the college student, during the last two years of work, longs for freedom to study what he wants, not merely what a faculty which believes that it knows

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better prescribes; and as much or little as he likes, not the amount that a faculty considers wise. This restriction of the freedom of the student is brought about, in part at least, by the rigid administrative organization of departments of instruction. Although in theory these are conceived of as purely administrative divisions, they very often work out as in reality so many schools which prevent the student from looking beyond the narrow walls that are built up around him. It would be unfair to charge the university alone with this restriction of freedom; it is to a great extent due to the attitude of the student himself, who is not ready to assert his own will and choice. Nevertheless, it remains true that the departmental organization of faculties is a hindrance to the freedom of the student. Laboratories and well-arranged seminars require administrative control, but this need not include the prescription of a detailed course of study.

One of the most potent causes of the restriction of freedom in academic life is the fact not only that the university prepares investigators and certifies by its diploma that a student is capable of conducting scientific research, but that the university diploma is also to a great extent a professional certificate. The practice of a profession requires a definite fund of knowledge, while mastery of the method of research is of lesser importance. The university diploma should be based on the mastery of a method of investigation which presupposes a knowledge of basic facts, not according to the needs of a profession, but according to the needs of research. The more sharply these two objects can be separated, the better will the university perform its task and the freer will be the student in his field of work.

Georg Ledebour

By S. ZIMAND

IT was the first week of March, 1910, when I received an invitation to attend a celebration given in honor of Georg Ledebour. The assembly was crowded with Socialist party officials and intimate friends of the veteran leader. All eyes were fixed on the doors, awaiting impatiently the arrival of the guest of honor. Shortly after nine o'clock a silver-haired man with a very expressive face, walking lame on one foot, and giving the impression of a great leader of the people, appeared. The entire audience rose to its feet and cheered wildly, the chorus singing "Krönt den Tag." It was the sixtieth anniversary of Ledebour's birth, and his friends did not wish it to pass without thanking him for his persistent work for the working people of Germany. On this occasion, Ledebour, thanking his friends for arranging the celebration, declared it "his holiest duty, to put all his strength and intelligence into the service of the working-class." Those few words signify the fighting career of the man who is likely to occupy a leading position in the new Germany.

Born at Hanover on March 7, 1850, Georg Ledebour received a primary and high-school education. He became interested in newspaper work and acted as editor of various democratic papers, later on becoming one of the editors of the Berlin *Vorwaerts*. He also lived for some time in England, and his parliamentary tactics were much influenced by his English observations. In recent years he has written little, devoting his time to lecturing and to parliamentary activity. In October, 1900, he was chosen to succeed Liebknecht the elder as representative of the sixth district of Berlin. No greater honor could have been bestowed upon a German Socialist than to nominate him as successor to a seat formerly occupied by Wilhelm Liebknecht. From October, 1900, until the revolution sent the Reichstag home, Ledebour continued to represent the same constituency in the Reichstag.

There are few better fighters, sharper speakers, or more skilful parliamentarians in the German Socialist movement than Ledebour. I have heard him at conventions and mass meetings, and in the Reichstag, and always I have felt the great impression he left on his audience. No catch-words or demagogy are to be found in his speeches. He has the ability to expound the most difficult questions in a plain, clear, and at the same time forcible manner. Ledebour's collected speeches in the Reichstag, where he generally acted as spokesman of his party on the external affairs of the Empire, and his anti-dynastic utterances both in and out of Parliament, would form the strongest indictment against the way Germany conducted her foreign affairs. In discussions of the Morocco crisis, the Zabern affair, the Kaiser's famous telegram, the proposal for a navy holiday, or other important questions of an international character, it was always Ledebour who in a skilful way informed the Reichstag concerning the position of the working people—and the workers could not have wished a better representative.

Even before the war, the Social-Democratic party of Germany was not all of one shade. There were the extremists, who stood for a thorough-going class war and against compromise with the non-Socialistic parties; the left centre, who attached a greater value to parliamentary action than the extremists; the right centre, who adhered theoretically to the traditional party programme, but were inclined to compromise with the revisionists; the moderate revisionists, who were in favor of coöperating with the non-Socialist radicals; and a few imperialist Socialists, who supported the demand for a big army and a big navy for colonial expansion. This last group included a few leading personalities, but had very little influence in the party councils. Before the war Ledebour belonged to the left centre of the party. He was, and is, for that matter, at present, a Marxian. In practical politics he attached greater value to parliamentary action than did the extremists, represented by Karl Liebknecht, Paul Lensch—who changed during the war from an extremist Socialist into an imperialist—Rosa Luxemburg, Clara Zetkin, and the historian Franz Mehring. On the other hand, Ledebour, like Liebknecht, Mehring, and the rest, disagreed with the revisionist Socialists in disapproving coöperation with non-Socialist parties.

During the war Ledebour belonged to the Minority Socialists. On August 3 and 4, 1914, at the special meeting of the Reichstag group, called to decide what stand the party should take on the war, Ledebour was one of the three who maintained to the last that the party should vote against the war budget. At the formation of the Social-Democratic Labor Fellowship on March 26, 1916, Ledebour was elected chairman. This *Social-Democratic Labor Fellowship* was constituted after the seventeen Minority Socialists who voted against the emergency budget were excluded by the Majority Socialists from the Reichstag group. Ledebour all along agreed with the Spartacus group in wishing the organization of the Third International and the resumption of the class war, but he disagreed with them on the prin-

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ciple of national self-defence. According to the Spartacus group, the proletarian has no obligation to defend his country; for the proletarian's only country is really the Socialist International.

The chaotic conditions of the present make it impossible to predict how the next Ministry will be constituted. But in case Ledebour becomes a member of the new Ministry, his long parliamentary experience and his consistent record during the war give a good guaranty for the future; for, whatever the future may bring, Ledebour will always consider it his holiest duty to put all his strength and intelligence into the service of humanity.

Wilhelmina and Her People

By H. v. L.

THIS is a contribution to the knowledge of folk-psychology. It draws no conclusions, teaches no lessons, establishes no new law of the subconscious soul; it simply states a few facts. Some six weeks ago, immediately after the downfall of the German imperial system, the newspapers printed threatening rumors about conditions in Holland. The country was hungry and discontented, and the Socialist leader, Mr. Troelstra, had made a formal request that "a republic be instituted." Thereupon several editors came to me and flattered me with their inquiries about existing conditions in the land of my birth. They must give the public some editorial comment upon events in Holland, and would I please tell them what was going to happen? Following some obscure instinct, I answered that "nothing would happen." They demurred. Surely after such outspoken and open rebellion as had been reported from Amsterdam and Rotterdam the Queen could not hope to maintain her power much longer. I tried not to reason but to feel, and again I said "Nothing will happen. Perhaps there will be a popular outburst in favor of the old house of Orange. But a revolution just now is impossible." This answer was attributed to inherited class prejudice, romantic loyalty, and various other causes. Perhaps the accusation was true. I don't know. But to-day I got stacks of Dutch papers of all shades and beliefs and opinions, and a number of private letters. A composite picture of the events of last November shows a situation both unique and incredible.

Immediately after the armistice Mr. Troelstra introduced his resolution in the Lower House of Parliament. The country had just pulled through four years of cruel maltreatment, starvation, and watchful misery. The distribution of food had been faulty (as it was in all countries). Most people were underfed. A few unscrupulous traders had made vast fortunes. Behold, the stage set for a Jacquerie of terrible consequences. And this is what happened. There was an instant outcry for the Queen. She must come here and there and everywhere and hear what the people had to say. She went. And wherever she went the same scenes of unbelievable disorder occurred. We have the stories from half a dozen cities, there was no premeditated plan, but the development of events was identical. The Queen would arrive with her husband and her child, and the hungry mob would be ready for her. Soldiers, demobilized and homeward bound, sailors, and the rowdiest elements of a seafaring community would wait for her. There would also be a vast display of police and gendarmerie and the Mayor and the Board of Aldermen and the notabilities of the city. In the midst of this mob the royal carriage would appear. The guards would be brushed aside, the horses would be cut loose from the carriage, a dozen soldiers would pile into the vehicle, some would seize the small princess, and as many as could would climb on the box. After that there would be nothing more to say. Through the surging waves of humanity the carriage with its motley crowd would somehow or other make its way.

There was no organized singing or waving of flags; nor were there patriotic exercises with leaders and bands and speeches. There was a primitive, a primordial expression of such sentiment of oneness between the symbol of unity and the unity itself, that all further discussion stopped short. It was not a question of Socialism or royalism or any artificial political creed. There was a sublime answer to the oft-repeated query "Can a small nation survive?" The meanness and the pettiness and the party strife of four years of hell were forgotten in an outburst of love for the common soil sublimated in the person of a middle-aged woman who had nothing to recommend her to this crowd but the deep-seated conviction that she had honestly shared their common weal and woe.

Ever since I have been wondering. Are not our theoretical leaders who distill their political essence from the ripe fruit of their theoretical meditations—aren't they very often on the wrong track? There is not a single Hollander who, in his sober sense, regards royalty as a divine inheritance from olden times. He discusses the acts of his Queen as mercilessly as those of his neighbors. He gives her no political power. He grants her very little social power. He addresses her as "Madam" as if she were an ordinary person. He criticises her taste in dress and demands more inspiration in her public utterances. He gives the theoretical Socialist good reason to believe that the constitutional monarchy is as dead as the feudal system of a thousand years ago. And then when the time comes to make a final test, the answer is not according to the textbook. All formulas and maxims and rules prove false. The event calls our bluff. And there we stand while the dumb mass becomes articulate and creates its own Ideal from among the most elementary of its manifold instincts. We search for an answer and there is none. There is only an implied warning which tells us to distrust all doctrinaire predictions. In this queer world of extraordinary human inter-relationships all things are possible, but they rarely occur according to the theoretical laws of well-regulated politics. Unless we accept this fact as the axiom of all political theory, we shall continue to blunder in the future as the best of us have blundered in the past.

Contributors to This Issue

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Foreign Correspondence

I. Troelstra's Retreat

The Hague, November 18, 1918

TROELSTRA the poet has duped Trolestra the statesman and made him leave the political platform in disgrace. The famous Socialist leader, carried away by the unexpected victory of his German comrades Ebert and Scheidemann, seems to have waked one morning from a glorious vision of himself as Dictator of the new Dutch Republic. Inspired by this flattering dream, he made an extempore speech in the Second Chamber, which threw the whole country into a state of commotion and alarm. "In the political development of Holland," he declared, "the contrast between organized great industry and organized labor is becoming more and more pronounced. And as the bourgeois parties all side with the capitalists, we are forced to consider the possibility of our following the example of Berlin. You need not tell us that violence is wrong. We know it. But how can we expect reforms from this Government without our using violence?" And in an address to a labor meeting at Rotterdam he said: "The bourgeoisie realizes that the laboring classes have become a power which can no longer urge demands, but must constitute itself as the supreme authority. This is the inevitable logic of history. Submit to it. Within a few days a soldiers' council will be constituted in this country. Submit to it."

Mr. Troelstra could not deny that such a revolution would bring a minority into power, for he is backed by only twenty-two per cent. of the laboring population, and it is doubtful whether this percentage would be maintained if woman suffrage were introduced. But the democrat Troelstra, when reminded of these figures by the interruptions of his opponents, waved them aside with a contemptuous air. He did not attach much value to this counting of votes; they had to be weighed, not numbered—a dangerous theory, and a flagrant denial of all democratic principles. If the Social Democratic Labor party, convinced of the superior weight of its limited number of votes, bases thereon a right to force its will upon the majority, how then can it prevent a still smaller, but equally self-confident, minority from usurping power by violent means? Mr. Troelstra had this logical conclusion urged upon him on the spot by an interruption of his competitor Wijnkoop, the leader of the Socialist Democratic party, an organization of the Dutch Bolsheviki, which, at the late elections in July, returned two of its candidates to the Second Chamber. Fear of Wijnkoop's growing influence on the laboring classes may have tempted Troelstra to overstep the limits of parliamentary action. A voluble speaker, insolent to a degree, and never put out by interruptions, Wijnkoop is a popular man among the rowdiest and worst disciplined elements of the laboring class in Amsterdam, and the deplorable economic policy of the late Government, with dearth and starvation in its train, has not a little strengthened his power. The entrance of Wijnkoop and his comrade Ravesteyn in Parliament was a heavy blow to the leaders of the Social Democratic Labor party, who could no longer claim to be the sole representatives of the disinherited. It is, therefore, more than likely that Troelstra with his unparliamentary menace of a revolution has hoped to outdo the Wijnkoop faction, foolishly trusting that the Government, by a frightened and hasty surrender to his demands, would free him from the painful necessity of living up to his threats. "The Government can no longer trust the army; our soldiers have been treated by the ruling classes in a way which has created a festering hate. The army is ours, and so is three-fourths of the police. If you wish to repress us with violence, you will have to vanquish violence stronger than yours." Such were the defiant words with which he expected to terrorize the Government into submission.

But neither the Government nor the nation let itself be overawed. The volunteers of the *Landstorm* were called up at once and answered the summons to a man, indignation meetings were held all through the country, declarations of loyalty to the queen, in big lettering, covered the advertisement pages of the daily papers, and orange badges were worn by all supporters of the monarchy against a revolution copied from Berlin. In the Second Chamber speakers of all the non-Socialist parties repudiated Troelstra's comparison of Holland with Germany. The democratic institutions, which in Berlin could not be established without a *coup d'etat* against an autocratic Junkerdom, have formed the foundations of Holland's political system ever since the year 1848. The urgency of radical reforms was conceded by all. Even the leader of the Free Liberals, the most conservative of the left parties, declared himself no longer opposed to woman suffrage and the abolition of the First Chamber, but he refused to give in to Troelstra's blackmail policy.

Among the Social Democratic Labor faction itself Troelstra's revolutionary speech met with scarcely a better reception. The majority, and among these the most prominent leaders, disavowed their chief, and Troelstra's faithful adjutant Schaper was given the awkward task of sounding his militant master's retreat. On Friday, November 15, two days after his sensational call to arms, the Socialist leader was reported to be ill, and Mr. Schaper rose in the House to lay the storm of indignation the other had raised. Mr. Troelstra's speech, he argued, was susceptible of a twofold interpretation. "If the nation can express its will without re- That is not only my opinion, but also Mr. Troelstra's." When straint, we have no right to force our will with bayonets. loud protests and sneers greeted this astounding recantation, he added, unwillingly emphasizing his repudiation of the leader's speech: "We are averse to any violence by a minority." "Cowards!" yelled Wijnkoop, rising in his seat, white with rage. "And what about Troelstra's soldiers' council?" asked the leader of the Free Liberals. "I am of opinion," replied Mr. Schaper, undismayed, "that we do not need any. We have our own organizations. Troelstra has only suggested that its formation should be discussed by the next Labor congress. You will see that the Social Democrats are not a rout of hooligans. We have coöperated for years with the bourgeoisie and we hope to go on doing so, although we shall oppose you in matters of principle."

No wonder Mr. Troelstra was ill and not able to bear the brunt of his opponents' sneers. The day after, at Rotterdam, occurred the opening of the Labor congress, to which the leader was to have submitted his revolutionary programme. But Mr. Troelstra was again absent, and both the trend of the successive speeches and the spirit in which they were listened to proved far from favorable to his revolution made in Germany. When one of the leaders launched into a philippic against Bolshevism, a voice cried out: "Why then do you not blackball Troelstra?" Having taken his cue from this first day's proceedings, the discomfited leader appeared before the meeting on the Sunday after and faced the ordeal.

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He admitted that he had misjudged the existing political relations. "The ruling class is still the stronger one and has a right to the power it possesses. We are not yet backed by a majority and we must behave accordingly. But things change rapidly nowadays. May the Government take our warning."

They were honest words but wrung from him by hard necessity. It must have been the most tragic moment of his life, for he spoke with the knowledge that in the political world of Holland the statesman Troelstra had closed his career. His great gifts can not save him from that bitter consequence of his total lack of self-control. He is like a monarch dethroned. But, unlike the monarch who, in that same week, sought refuge among us from the wrath of his own people, Mr. Troelstra did not leave the scene of his downfall without an ovation from his audience. But he knew that the cheers were in homage to the statesman he had been, and not to the speaker of that day.

A. J. BARNOUW

II. The Commercial Uses of Aircraft

London, December 19, 1918

IT seems only the other day that we were crowding into a hall in the White City to see the machine on which a human being had succeeded in flying across the Channel. The aeroplane had scarcely developed beyond the stage of a magnificent toy when we suddenly came to realize that it was one of the most efficient of military weapons. It is mainly in that capacity that we have thought of it during the last three or four years. It is military machines, hostile or protective, that have been hovering over our heads in London, and it has been to house military machines that aerodromes have been springing up overnight in all parts of the country. Meanwhile the manipulation of these strange contrivances has been carried to such a point of skill that the small boy playing in a London backyard hardly takes the trouble to look up to see airmen performing stunts compared with which looping the loop is as simple as motoring.

During this period the idea of utilizing aircraft for business purposes has been pushed into the background. It has been one of the many things postponed indefinitely until "after the war." But the ink was hardly dry on the armistice before we discovered how rapid was likely to be the transformation of this engine of war into one of the time and labor-saving appliances of the business world. We read almost daily in the morning paper of some new enterprise—a Caproni triplane that is soon to fly across the Atlantic with 100 passengers; a flight from Cairo to Delhi in a Handley-Page; the trial trip of an Italian air mail service; the preparation for an exploring flight across the Australian continent; and a Marconi scheme for supplying every machine with a combined wireless and telegraph installation.

Most of these advances are due to private initiative. How slowly the official mind works is shown by the fact that the first report of the Civil Aerial Transport Committee, although completed and signed by the chairman in May, has only been published this month. Yet this very report insists again and again upon the urgency of immediate action by the Government—and especially of an early decision on whether aerial transport services are to be state owned or state assisted—if the British Empire is not to lag behind other countries in so vital a matter.

The findings of this committee give little encouragement to those whose vivid imaginations have pictured a new world in which flying is the ordinary method of locomotion. No possible development of aircraft is going to make surface transport obsolete, any more than stenography has abolished longhand or than the typewriter has banished the pen to the museum. But the report does help us to see where, precisely, aircraft will be of most assistance to the business world. Passenger traffic will turn primarily on speed and reliability. It will compete with rail, steamship, and road services over long distances, or where the journey either includes sea as well as land passages or is between places not conveniently served by rail. It is expected that business men, to whom time-saving is an object, will be eager to avail themselves of the opportunity of flying 400 or 500 miles out and home within the day, with a reasonable interval for business transactions between the flights. There need be no concern about personal safety. The accidents that have recently happened were chiefly due to inexperience and to taking risks during training and practice which would not be justified under peace conditions.

At the outset, the transport of mails seems to offer the most promising sphere for the air machine. The load to be carried is reasonably uniform, the weight small, and the demand for speed great. As regards domestic mails, it is estimated that it requires a flight of at least three hours, at an average of 100 miles an hour, for an aerial mail service to effect any saving of time over the railroad. To take a concrete instance, an air mail from London to Manchester would offer only a slight additional convenience as compared with the mailing of an express letter under the present system. But an air mail between London and Glasgow would offer a valuable facility. For long distances the gain would be enormous. By air, a mailbag could be taken from London to Calcutta in four days as against the present minimum of sixteen, or from London to Johannesburg in six days as against nineteen. With this acceleration it would often be quite as satisfactory to send a long letter to Johannesburg at half a crown an ounce as to cable a message—which usually, as a matter of fact, takes a whole day before it reaches the recipient—at half a crown a word.

It is in regard to the general transport of freight that the limitations of aircraft are most evident. It will be long before the aeroplane competes with the motor lorry. The committee suggests that it will be most useful in carrying valuable express parcels of comparatively small weight, such as furs, lace, jewels, precious metals, extracts, essences, expensive feathers, and the like, also rare and out-of-season fruits and vegetables, flowers and perishable articles generally. Newspapers and periodicals, chemicals, medicines, surgical and other instruments, spare machine parts and tools, are mentioned as other commodities that might form a profitable cargo in the frequent cases where time is an important factor. For the rapid transmission of commercial samples, too, aircraft would be especially useful.

Mail services on regular routes might, it is thought, be established at once, but passenger traffic will at first be best promoted by the use of single machines for rapid journeys in any direction, carrying occupants who may be prepared, owing to the urgency of their business, to pay special fees for high speed. Things might be so arranged that a busy man might engage a machine by telephone from any post-office to take him from London to Dublin, Paris, or Stockholm. This occasional use of passenger craft would prepare the public mind for the starting of regular services with a fixed schedule. The report discusses the question of the

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most satisfactory routes between various points, such as London and Glasgow, London and the Riviera, London and Russia, London and South Africa, and London and America. In some cases, meteorological conditions would make one route preferable for the outward and another for the homeward journey; e. g., it would be better to travel to the Cape via Marseilles, Naples, Crete, Egypt, the Nile Valley, and Northern Rhodesia, but to come home via Rhodesia, Angola, Lagos, the Sahara, Gibraltar, and Bordeaux. For the Atlantic route, Commander Porte is quoted as preferring the so-called Azores route to a direct route from Ireland to Newfoundland. He thinks that in any case New York should be fixed upon as the Western terminus, largely owing to the obstruction of Newfoundland fogs. But his views on the prevalence of fogs on the Newfoundland coast are challenged by other competent authorities, and the committee do not commit themselves to a decision, but content themselves with recommending that a practical experiment be instituted as early as possible.

In technical appendices to the report the question of the airship versus the aeroplane is exhaustively discussed. It is pointed out that the possibilities of the airship for commercial use have not yet been fully explored, for hitherto its lines of development have been purely military and therefore not such as would produce the most suitable airship for business purposes. Far better results are likely to be produced before long by airships specially designed for the needs of peace. A special report by Wing-Captain Maitland argues strongly in favor of the airship. He predicts that the commercial airship of the not far distant future will have a "disposable lift" of fifty to sixty tons or more, and will be able to travel at ninety or one hundred miles an hour. It will provide ample accommodation for passengers in the shape of saloon, drawing-room, smoking-room and state-rooms, with a lift giving access to a roof garden at the top. Owing to its greater "disposable lift" it will be able to remain in the air for a week or more at a time without having to descend for replenishment of fuel. The airship has the advantage over the aeroplane that it can cruise with safety a few hundred feet above the ground, thus considerably enhancing the pleasure of passengers by enabling them to enjoy the scenery. It can be fitted with engines as silent as those of an automobile, and sleeping accommodation can, in any case, be provided well away from the power plant. (Captain Maitland points out, by the way, that, up to the present, airships have been fitted with engines designed for aeroplanes, and that great improvements will be obtainable by means of specially designed engines). The difficulty which an aeroplane pilot has in judging the angle of his machine to the horizontal at night, or in fog, mist, or cloud, does not obtain in an airship, which always remains on an even keel. The objection drawn from the inability of the airship to fly in strong wind does not count heavily with Captain Maitland, who thinks this arises mainly from the difficulty at present experienced by aviators of handling airships on the ground in high winds owing to the large surface they offer. There is no reason why the problem here involved should be incapable of solution. There is, for example, the possibility of adopting revolving sheds on land, or floating sheds on water —or, better still, of abolishing sheds altogether, except for docking purposes, and maintaining the airships permanently moored out.

HERBERT W. HORWILL

Civilized

By BEULAH CHAMBERLAIN

Dirty and dull, she plods along the street,
With sagging skirt and hair tucked out of sight.
Her pappoose from his creaking cab looks out
Upon the crowded street; his eyes, wild, bright,
Hold tales of camp-fire dreams, of forest things,
Of bending pines that whisper all the night.
He cries a bit. The mother stills his cry
With sticky colored candy; smooths his clothes.
She peers for bargains as she passes by,
And stops before the moving-picture shows.

Yankton, S. Dak.

In the Driftway

THE Drifter addressed the man who had just returned from Europe. "Tell me," he said, "what is Bolshevism?" "I will," said the man just back. "It is everything and nothing. It is religion and economics and social responsibility, all done into the single consciousness of something which is wrong with the world. People who would have become Christian martyrs two thousand years ago feel it as a new urge to serve their more unfortunate neighbors. Others who regard the world as a complex mass of economic problems think of it in terms of hours and wages and distribution and factory management. Still others who were apt to accept society, without questioning the why and wherefore, are apprised of a certain disquieting element which holds them to account for vague sins which they never committed but which have cast a blight over large masses of humanity. It is not a doctrine with definite articles of a creed, with regulations and laws and by-laws. It is a state of mind. It is like the book of Revelation. It states nothing tangible. Yet, it has started millions of people upon a spiritual voyage of discovery." "And the voyage leads where?" the Drifter asked. "Nowhere in particular, everywhere in special."

* * * * *

AT one time, during his peregrinations among the Scandinavian neutrals, the Drifter spent a few weeks in Copenhagen. And there thanks to mutual discontent at the softness-of-avowedly-hard-boiled-eggs (a common phenomenon in all hotels of all the countries of the world) the Drifter made the acquaintance of an old German savant. The learned professor was in the Danish capital, studying some obscure Icelandic manuscript. He was very unhappy. He heard himself and his people called many uncomplimentary names—Huns and Boches and savages. He expressed surprise. Why did the world dislike the Teuton tribe with such acrimonious violence? The Drifter suggested very guardedly that the general lack of appreciation of the Germans might have something to do with a corresponding lack of German kindness and consideration for others. The good old man beamed back with understanding pleasure. "But that, my dear Doctor," he answered, "we know ourselves. Indeed, we know it very well. We are not always kind to others. But listen"—and here he waved his hand and encompassed the entire world in a gesture of goodwill—"Listen. Just as soon as the war is over we are

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going to start a campaign of systematic kindliness." It was a good resolution. Like the Drifter's New Year's vows, it came just a trifle too late.

* * * * *

PROBABLY no other American city in such a concentrated space displays more real beauty than San Francisco. For this season, at least, the bizarre and the artificial are in abeyance, and good taste is undisputed. The continuous smile of Phoebus, therefore, finds favor with the Hermes of Commerce, but disfavor with lady Pomona. The fruit-growers in the Santa Clara valley search the sky anxiously for coming rains, but the city grasshoppers bask on, indifferent alike to the toiling ant and to next year's prunes. And now the waiting crowd lines Market street—the boys from France are coming back. The Drifter was in Toronto after the Boer War when the first troops came back from South Africa. People had been asked to wear or wave something red, and the lighted streets were a crimson flutter, while people laughed, cried, and shouted with the abandon of the South. If these were staid Canadians what might the Drifter expect in the land of exaggeration? No red banners, certainly, in view of the present discrimination against one of our three national colors. The crowd waits, complacent, curious. Steam whistles proclaim the arrival at the ferry; the four lines of electric cars on Market street are miraculously obliterated, and the boys come marching home, the first regiment returned from the war. Flower-decked, laughing, like released schoolboys rather than military heroes they trudge along. Applause runs ahead of them up the side lines, and murmuring voices. What is this they are saying?—"Isn't she sweet!" To be sure; at the head of the column marches the Honorary Colonel, a trig little figure in natty uniform, with masses of golden curls—this is Mary Pickford's regiment! When Princess Patricia received the battered fragment of her regiment it was with an afternoon-tea manner and a "thanks awfully" smile. The Queen of the Movies eclipsed with her tiny person the valor of a regiment. But every man to his own goddess. After all, why not a Mary Pickford regiment as well as a Princess Pat?

* * * * *

WHEN Ignace Paderewski was very young (so the Drifter once heard in Warsaw) he tried to get a scholarship at the local Conservatory of Music. He was told to choose a practical profession, such as baker or butcher, but not try and become a great musician. Many a reputation has been founded upon the callous and undeserved sneer administered by the older generation. Paderewski left his native city and became the most distinguished of living pianists. Then came the Day of the Great Accounting, when all our international sins returned home to roost. The Polish partition, a triple crime, must be undone. The civilized world got ready to straighten out this disgraceful tangle. Paderewski got ready, too. He revaluated his mazurkas and nocturnes into terms of political aspirations. His wife aided him in his ambitions. The Presidency of Poland must be the reward for his efforts. The Drifter, who has seen the Poles suffering under their foreign yoke, feels nothing but the most genuine sympathy for the claims of the liberated Poles. Yet, he has his moments of doubt. There are so few really good pianists. We can not well afford to miss a single one. THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

The Modernity of Montaigne

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Montaigne was the first "modern" writer—he is so termed though he died in 1592—and the enclosed excerpt really shows how modern he still keeps. You may use it in the *Nation*, if you wish, before the final fate of the two desperate emperors overtakes them:

"There are fantastic and senseless humours that have prompted not only individual men, but whole nations to destroy themselves. When Threicion tried to persuade Cleomenes to despatch himself, by reason of the ill posture of his affairs, and having missed a death of more honour in the battle he had lost, to accept of this the second in honour to it, and not to give the conquerors leisure to make him undergo either an ignominious death or an infamous life, Cleomenes, with a courage truly Stoic and Lacedæmonian, rejected his counsel as unmanly and mean, 'That,' said he, 'is a remedy that can never be wanting, but which a man is never to make use of whilst there is an inch of hope remaining'; telling him, 'that it was sometimes constance and valour to live; that he would that even his death should be of use to his country, and would make of it an act of valour and virtue.' Threicion thought himself, notwithstanding, in the right, and did his own business; and Cleomenes afterwards did the same, but not till he had first tried the utmost malevolence of fortune."

V. SYDNEY ROTHSCHILD

Scarsdale, N. Y., December 16

Commercial Arbitration

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Referring to Mr. Julius H. Cohen's "Commercial Arbitration and the War," on which a note appeared in the columns of your issue of November 23, I venture to invoke for it a wider audience than its somewhat technical title would attract. This is one of the few law books that have been published in recent times which is something more than a mere digest or collection of cases, for Mr. Cohen has made a real contribution to the science of the law, and his discussion of the cases ought to result in a correction of old abuses and the growth and development of correct principles. He has demonstrated that the doctrine which has laid its dead hand on the avoidance of litigation in America by prohibiting agreements in advance to submit commercial disputes to arbitration is not based on sound principles or reason. The modern cases that uphold this doctrine never for one minute admit that the practice in early England of paying judges according to the volume of business that came to them might suggest a thoroughly selfish reason for increasing litigation. The phrase which the courts are fond of repeating, that parties shall not oust the courts of jurisdiction, loses much of its meaning when subjected to Mr. Cohen's searching analysis. Parties oust the courts of jurisdiction whenever they settle a litigation before it comes to trial, and these settlements are universally approved.

Mr. Cohen's book is a fascinating study of a doctrine which originated in a dictum in an old case which was decided by Coke in 1609, and which has outlived whatever usefulness it might have had and has been a blight upon the development of modern law.

It is to be hoped that the book will have the influence it deserves in speeding the day when arbitration may become as common a method of solving disputes in America as it is in England.

WILLIAM M. WHERRY, JR.

New York, December 11

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Why?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: What is all this talk about "the greatest navy"? Here we have Winston Spencer Churchill asserting that Britain must retain her supremacy on the sea, while again we have Secretary Daniels saying that *our* navy must be second to none. And President Wilson asks Congress to back our Secretary of the Navy in his demand. Why all this talk of a large standing army here? Why all this talk of universal military training? Has all the fighting been in vain? Was this not to be the last war?

And isn't the war over? Why are our boys in Russia fighting the Russian people? Did Congress ever declare war on the Russian people? And why does the President say that the American troops will stay abroad until peace is formally declared? Does he expect any more fighting? Germany is a democracy. Why aren't our boys withdrawn? Are they to be used as bill collectors? And last; why is Burleson still in office? Echo answers—Why?

New York, December 11 DAVID A. TEICHMAN

China's Grievances

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: To humanity's High Court of Justice all those who have been wronged under the by-gone régime now appeal for redress of grievances. Indeed, a perusal of each case makes us realize what an immoral world we have lived in! The statement issued by the Chinese Liberals' League, published in the *Nation* for December 14, begs us not to forget China and her grievances, after we have given our consideration to the small or weak nations of Europe. Viewing the world as a whole, China should not and can not be neglected.

Among all the wrongs done to China since German occupation of Kiau-Chou, the most abominable is the notorious Japanese Twenty-One Demands of 1915. No reason was given, nor excuse presented. Japan wanted the things embodied in the Twenty-One Demands simply because she wanted them. That was all, pure and simple. No disguise was necessary since the world was then engaged in a terrible war against German militarism. But German militarism and Japanese militarism differ only in label, none in essence, and in 1915 the former helped the latter to reap a beautiful harvest. If Germany has to compensate for the damages done to the Allies, Japan has to return the concessions unlawfully exacted from China. If Germany is not allowed to escape unpunished, Japan should not be allowed to retain her booty.

The cancellation of the Boxer Indemnities mentioned in the statement of the Chinese Liberals' League is, like all other items mentioned in the same statement, a plea for minimum justice. These indemnities were exacted far above the actual losses of the foreign nations—a fact which has been evidenced by the partial return to China of the indemnity fund by the United States. Moreover, the payment of these indemnities was so arranged that with a total amount of approximately $335,000,000 in 1902, and with an annual payment of about $16,000,000 for 16 years, the total charges of interest and principal combined now outstanding amount to about $560,000,000. What a crime is this! They are not only unjust but also unbearable. If they are not cancelled, they alone would be sufficient to hold down the Chinese people economically for generations. Are we ready to do such an odious thing? Incidentally, the present treaty limitations on tariff rates are not only inequitable but are utterly incompatible with China's sovereign right.

YUN CHANG

Columbia University, December 17

Literature

Genial Chronicles of Wasted Time

The Early Years of the Saturday Club, 1850-1870. By Edward Waldo Emerson. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $7.50.

AMERICANS duly read in their own poetry know the Saturday Club of Boston, if in no other way, at least from Dr. Holmes's tender autumnal lines in his "Before the Curfew and Other Poems," though doubtless the sound of elegy in those lines has made many readers believe that the Club was little more than a memory in 1889. That it still prosperously survives is shown by a monumental volume from the pen of Dr. Edward Waldo Emerson, which the Club has just published. Dr. Emerson's pen was never nimble, nor in this latest undertaking has he either varied his gait or imparted much vivacity to his fellow-members—Edward W. Forbes, M. A. DeWolfe Howe, Governor McCall, Prof. Bliss Perry, and Moorfield Storey—who have assisted him; but perhaps a stately tread better suits the memorial labors of the later Saturday Club. Physically the volume belongs with the handsomest contributions ever made to the history of American literature: a solid quarto, abundantly illustrated, fitly bound, and printed with care. "Spencer," indeed, appears as an Elizabethan (page 44); the semi-centennial number of the *Atlantic* is dated September instead of November, 1907 (page 129); Charles T. Brooks is given a wrong initial (page 327); Lowell's "Under the Willows" is incorrectly called (page 453) his second volume of verse, barring "The Biglow Papers"; and the last paragraph of Dr. Emerson's Introduction makes a promise not fulfilled in the body of the work. Much of the material was of course already accessible in the biographies of the individual members. But the official account of the Club is new and interesting, and the biographical material admirably arranged, with a brief sketch of each member under the year in which he was chosen to fellowship.

Few clubs have had a more distinguished membership, not even Dr. Johnson's, to which the Saturday Club often compared itself in its golden days,—and justly enough, for it had Boston's best learning, best poetry, best wit, best philanthropy, best statesmanship, and only lacked Boston's best fashion because it had no great fondness for the Cotton Whigs of Beacon Street. Its origins were predominantly literary. As early as 1836 there had been a sort of informal organization which held a "Symposium" now and then, and which Emerson enjoyed for all that it was very clerical and that he said its seal might well be "two porcupines meeting with all their spines erect." This organization languished, however, and Emerson—who here appears as very hungry for companions—and his friend Samuel Gray Ward planned in 1849 a Town-and-Country Club. This also languished under that name; but in the fifties two clubs grew up, existing side by side and more or less interlocking. The Magazine or *Atlantic* Club, purely literary, gradually faded, or rather gave way to the *Atlantic* dinners; the Saturday Club, for which Ward had suggested a less didactic membership and monthly dinners, was kept alive, clearly in no small part by Horatio Woodman's special talent as high steward of the feasts, held on the last Saturday of each month except July, August, and September. Some such civilizing influence must have been needed in a group among whom Woodman's introduction of mushrooms as a food seemed a startling novelty. According to Emerson's journal Dwight was chosen to experiment first with the unfamiliar delicacy, and he amiably reported: "It tastes like a roof of a house."

Something more than the fact that the publishers have made the Saturday Club volume somewhat in the likeness of "The Education of Henry Adams" keeps reminding the reader of that other book, though Adams, nipping critic of orthodox Boston, is nowhere mentioned. The horribly dreary Boston world of Adams's second chapter assuredly did not exist for the Satur-

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day men, a body so festive that when Agassiz returned from Brazil in the summer of 1866, Lowell, Holmes, Fields, and the rest "joined hands, made a ring, and danced around him like a lot of boys, while Mr. Emerson stood apart, his face radiant." In fact, no more genial chronicle of New England in *négligé* has been written. The Pundits were a long way from the Frog Pond when the Adirondack Club, most of its members then or later members of the Saturday Club as well, went to its first camp in 1858. Holmes would not leave the daily felicities of the Hub, and Longfellow, also no frontiersman, gave as excuse for staying at home the report that Emerson was taking a gun, though in fact Emerson never touched man or beast with a bullet. But Emerson was enchanted with the transcendental paradise which he found in the wilderness; and Lowell, younger and robuster, climbed a pine tree over fourteen feet in girth and sixty feet to the lowest branch.

Still, the Club dined more than it picnicked. While it unfortunately had no systematic Boswell, not a few of its good sayings are brought together in the record, particularly as taken down by Emerson in his omnivorous journal. There is "Tom" Appleton's praise of horse-chestnuts: "I have carried this one in my pocket these ten years, and in all that time have had no touch of rheumatism. Indeed, its action is retrospective, for I never had rheumatism before." And the same wit commented as follows upon a sad defect in the economy of nature: "Canvas-back ducks eat the wild celery; and the common black duck, if it ate the wild celery, is just as good,—only, damn 'em, they won't eat it." Once William Morris Hunt was asked if he would like to see a Japanese vase or cup which Norton had just received. "Like to see it?" Hunt exclaimed. "By God, it's one of those damned ultimate things." Felton, kept from a meeting by illness, "horizontally but ever cordially" wrote that he was "living on a pleasant variety of porridge and paregoric." Holmes, referring to the immense vitality of Agassiz, said: "I cannot help thinking what a feast the cannibals would have if they boiled him." Judge Hoar declared he valued the Book of Common Prayer for its special recognition of his native town: "O God who art the Author of good and the lover of Concord." Holmes, no beauty, declared: "I have always considered my face a convenience rather than an ornament." Longfellow, vexed at seeing plover on the table in May, 1858, "proclaimed aloud my disgust at seeing the game laws thus violated. If anybody wants to break a law, let him break the Fugitive Slave Law." Whittier complained to Lowell over some delay in connection with a poem sent to the *Atlantic:* "Let me hear from thee some way. If thee fail to do this, I shall turn thee out of thy professor's chair, by virtue of my new office of overseer." To commentators who tamper with Shakespeare's text, Lowell felt "inclined to apply the quadrisyllabic name of the brother of Agis, King of Sparta"; Felton identified the brother of Agis as Eudamidas. A characteristic conversation between Holmes and Hawthorne goes thus: "Holmes said quickly, 'I wish you would come to the Club oftener.' 'I should like to,' said Hawthorne, 'but I can't drink.' 'Neither can I.' 'Well, but I can't eat.' 'Nevertheless, we should like to see you.' 'But I can't talk, either.'" Actually, Hawthorne hardly ever spoke at the Club, preferring to sit next to Emerson or Longfellow and to let the other speak for him. Once, however, he spoke to amusing effect. Anthony Trollope, a guest, had roared out that only England produced good peaches or grapes. Lowell reports: "I appealed to Hawthorne, who sat opposite. His face mantled and trembled for a moment with some droll fancy, as one sees bubbles rise and send off rings in still water when a turtle stirs at the bottom, and then he said, 'I asked an Englishman once who was praising their peaches to describe to me what he meant by a peach, and he described something very like a cucumber.'" A brilliant letter from the elder Henry James still further visualizes Hawthorne at the Club: "He has the look all the time, to one who doesn't know him, of a rogue who suddenly finds himself in a company of detectives. But in spite of his rusticity, I felt a sympathy for him amounting to anguish. . . . It was so pathetic to see him, contented, sprawling, Concord owl that he was and always has been, brought blindfold into the brilliant daylight, and expected to wink and be lively like any little dapper Tommy Titmouse or Jenny Wren. How he buried his eyes in his plate, and ate with a voracity that no person should dare to ask him a question . . . eating his dinner and doing absolutely nothing but that, and then going home to his Concord den to fall on his knees and ask his Heavenly Father why it was that an owl couldn't remain an owl, and not be forced into the diversions of a canary."

Some of these things were not actually uttered at the Club, but they pretty accurately represent its conversation. A review would have to be almost as long as the book to do full justice to its wealth of material; it would have to repeat countless literary incidents, such as the fact that Lowell for a long time tried to find out something of Forceythe Willson, only to discover him living in Cambridge within two hundred yards of Elmwood; that E. J. Reed, the Chief Constructor of the British Navy, thought Longfellow had written "the finest poem on shipbuilding that ever was or probably ever will be written"; and that one of the members said Emerson's "good word about a man's character is like being knighted on the field of battle." No one, indeed, emerges from the history in such noble proportions or in such an agreeable light as Emerson. Nor is this due to any partiality of his son. The truth plainly appears that even in the company of Agassiz and Hoar and Holmes and James and Lowell and Norton, Emerson was the spiritual master of the Club. Sumner, on the other hand, though heartily praised in a good many pages, simply refuses to seem attractive. He had the vices of manner for which Boston is unjustly famous—its egotism, its insolence, its complacency. The early history of the Saturday Club goes far toward proving that fame unjust. Its members at least can be called inhuman only in the sense that they were honorable, conscientious, busy, temperate, and kind much beyond the common run of men conspicuously talented. And they lacked neither mirth nor fellowship. On the whole, however, are their books as good as themselves? Is there something in the charge, now tediously iterated and reiterated, that the thinness of their product comes from Puritan inhibitions upon expression? The historians of the Saturday Club make no visible effort to answer such questions, but they do unconsciously emphasize a discrepancy, for the men who wrote the gentle, pure, noble, but not too rich or varied classics of New England were themselves men of full blood and high hearts.

Group-State versus Crowd-State

The New State. By M. P. Follett. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $3.

THE war has only added fuel to a fire of criticism that for a number of years has been burning at the supports of the modern State. Long before the war, the keener political minds throughout the world had marked the crucial inadequacy of so-called representative government. Thirty years ago Le Prins, and twenty-five years ago Benoist, pointed out the fallacies of "geographical representation." Faguet in his "Cult of Incompetence" and Christensen in his "Politics and Crowd Morality" exposed "parliamentarism"; Duguit opposed an objective theory of law to the regnant subjective theory of rights, Jhering, Gierke, and Jellinek a social to an individualistic conception of law. In more recent days, Wallas and Lippman have tried to vitalize the State by connecting it with human nature; Jethro Brown by giving it a social purpose; Laski by removing the incubus of a monistic sovereignty, and (with Barker, Figgis, and others) recovering or discovering its essential pluralism. Socialists criticised the State for its exclusion of industry; syndicalists cavalierly swept away the old-type State altogether. Guild socialists provided for the co-management of the State.

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Meanwhile, in the realm of law, Roscoe Pound and such jurists as Holmes and Brandeis had been weakening the foundations of the old political State—the State of individualistic privilege—by their conception of law as the outcome of community life and bound to its service.

Then the war capped all this criticism, giving it tragic point and relevancy. We talk now, as a matter of course, of reconstruction. But how shall we reconstruct? We dream of making the world safe for democracy. Have we known democracy? Our anger rises against the selfish individualism of the past—of States and persons. Have we ever known the real individual? We speak of extending government by the people. But where has there yet been government by the people? We laud open diplomacy. But "open" how and to whom? Through the newspapers? We look, some of us, to collective ownership and operation. But where is the collectivity that can be trusted to own and operate?

There are persons who can acclaim a League of Nations and go to rest thanking God that the millennium is at last in the offing. But if the single nation is in large measure a failure, is greater hope to be found in a leaguing of failures? We must come down to fundamentals. Nations, it is true, have not known how to live together; and so there have been wars. But so, too, persons and groups have not known how to live together; and so there have been the immense thwarting and misdirection of life.

"The New State" is almost unique among reconstruction books because it really drives down to fundamentals. "The twentieth century must find a new principle of association. Crowd philosophy, crowd government, crowd patriotism must go. . . . Group organization is to be the new method in politics, the basis of our future industrial system, the foundation of international order. Group organization will create the world we are now blindly feeling after, for creative force comes from the group; creative power is evolved through the activity of the group life."

The sociology of the nineteenth century—Tarde and Le Bon were its prophets—was a study of society as a crowd. Imitation and suggestion were its conjuring words. The "consciousness of kind" was its Golden Rule. It was a mischievous sociology, first, because it knew society only, or mainly, in its least important aspect—as a crowd-aggregate; second, because it failed to note that the very essential process of social life, as of all life, is the "harmonizing of difference through interpenetration." Such harmonizing of difference through interpenetration never takes place in the crowd; the crowd moves by common denominators. It takes place only, if at all, in the group. A committee, for example, operates most vitally when, through discussion, the differences of its members are not "ironed out" but integrated into a common judgment. Such common judgments make for a common consciousness and so a common will.

The political State to-day operates as a crowd. In a political district a thousand men vote; but they vote, in the main, as individuals. The adding of them together in nowise expresses a group judgment or a group will; it only expresses a numerical majority or minority, as the case may be. Nor does the mere adding of district to district until all the districts of the nation are included achieve a national will. The State to-day is a more or less heterogeneous mass of atomistic persons who, under the stimulus of certain cleverly devised party slogans, periodically come together to record their more or less atomistic judgments. Of a group will, a common or national will, we as yet know practically nothing.

To the author of "The New State" there is no hope for a vital reconstruction of our social, political, and industrial life, national or international, until for atomistic individualism and crowd imitationism (party government, pseudo-collectivism) we substitute life in and through the group. The book is a penetrating study of the group; but it differs from typical sociological and philosophical studies by being intensely and immediately practical. Sympathetic with the motives of vocational representation, with political pluralism, with the syndicalisms and the guild socialisms, it is yet keenly critical of the specific defects of these theories. It offers a suggestion of political organization through the neighborhood group which is not only fascinatingly simple and sane but deep-reaching in its social and political implications.

The strength of the book lies in the fact that it presents not a mechanism but a principle, and yet a principle so immediately realizable that the New State takes form and body before our eyes. The book will therefore appeal both to philosopher and to practical man of affairs. The philosopher will find an analysis of human nature that sweeps like a purifying air through the old controversies of individual versus society, egoism versus altruism, and the rest. He will find in the author a perception almost uncanny that illuminates with new insights the really fundamental issues. And the practical man will find that practical things at bottom have a philosophy; and that unless the philosophy is right, they can themselves hardly be less than wrong.

It is its strong grip on underlying principle that makes "The New State" a really notable contribution to the forward thinking of our day. It does not potter about with political half-truths. It has a whole-truth which it drives home with a clarity and a power that are a real delight. To all who have in them anything of the spirit of revolt against the lumbering inadequacies that we call States, and who have also a zest for constructive enterprise, this book will prove rarely stimulating.

Landscape Architecture

An Introduction to the Study of Landscape Design. By Henry Vincent Hubbard and Theodora Kimball. New York: The Macmillan Co. $6.

IT is stated in the Preface that this book is intended neither as a compendium of useful information (which it assuredly is), nor as a book of rules to be followed automatically. Indeed, the title is sufficiently explicit. The joint authors "make no attempt at any original contribution to the subject of general æsthetics," but wish to present a general conception of landscape design and to regard their work as a mere text book. It is, in fact, much more than that, both in its aim and its achievement. The joint authors maintain that very early in his history man shaped the economic changes which he made in the earth's surface so that they gave him also an "æsthetic satisfaction." But they do not seek to trace the current back to its source. Instead of sketching, in a few preliminary pages, the relationship and evolution of architecture and landscape, they plunge off into "the development of landscape architecture as a separate profession." They then pass to the requirements, preparation, opportunities, and rewards of that profession. This would suggest a rather narrow vision. Yet such an assumption would, as we read on, prove to be unjust.

We are given a good working definition of landscape architecture and an explanation of its province. We then examine in much detail taste, ideals, style, character, effects of composition, natural forms, plants, and structures as material in landscape design. After an exhaustive consideration of its subject matter, an Appendix deals with the professional practice of landscape architecture.

Our authors are well advised in referring in general terms to the deadly monotony of "Capability" Brown and the puerilities of later work. But his full name and date are not given. He is in fact distinguished from all the other Browns—without the "e," *bien entendu*—by the high sounding Christian name of Lancelot. Born in 1715, he had his portrait painted, as did many another high placed nonentity. We are told that "the garden of sweet herbs, the garden of simples, was as often as not a part of the same scheme as the garden of flowers." That

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idea might well have been elaborated. The material contained in the chapter on "Structures in Relation to Landscape" is apposite, and we are told that "a bridge is primarily a structure built for use." Surely. But the task of the student—and the book is dedicated to "Our Fellow-Students of Landscape Architecture at Harvard University"—if he has not travelled extensively, would have been rendered less irksome and uncertain by reproductions of well-known bridges, and indications as to their topography and natural setting. The obvious example is the Puente del Alcántara which spans the Tagus at Toledo. Indeed, not until we are more than half way through the book do we arrive at a definition of the word "Garden," which in the opinion of the joint authors "has been a very much over-worked word" (p. 233). But if human beings are over-worked, why should not words be also? In the comments on the styles of the Italian Renaissance and Baroque Villas we are told that "the villa was one design, including buildings and gardens." The usefulness of the very rough drawing that indicates the relation of enframement, foreground, and vista will not be gainsaid. But how much more clearly the remarks would have read if the joint authors had instanced the attunement of many an Italian villa to its environment by reproducing the etchings of Zocchi, or even the modern drawings contained in such a work as Janet Ross's "Florentine Villas," published in 1901!

We wholeheartedly endorse the claim that "the speed limit for automobiles using the park-roads should be set so low that foot-passengers can cross the road without any great feeling of hurry or danger." To this we would add that foot-passengers in city parks should be allowed to walk on the grass, and not merely be forced to regard it as sacred territory or a kind of Tom Tiddler's ground. It is urged that provision might be made in parks for grandstands for golf, baseball, cricket, and football. But why not add race tracks as in many towns of Europe? How wonderfully the Champ de Courses at Longchamps adds to the beauty of the scene in that corner of the Bois! We have but a single reference to espalier trees, which, by the way, occur as far back as Luini. We doubt if the English as well as the Dutch make any frequent use of the term "gazebo," a summer-house having an extended view. The term "bridle path in parks" seems to be employed to mean something different from the word "bridle-road" that in England may well link up two parks. There are numerous illustrations, but it could hardly be contended that the process used in reproducing some of the drawings is worthy of the book. We make these comments from no wish to underestimate the usefulness of the book, which is written with authority and insight, although it modestly claims to be but "an introduction" to the study of the subject.

Later Victorian Memories

A Writer's Recollections. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. New York: Harper & Brothers. $6.

IF Mrs. Humphry Ward had known in early life that the day would come when the world would be much interested in her reminiscences, she could hardly have made better preparation for responding to that expectant interest than is revealed in her present "Recollections." Documentary material, especially private correspondence, appears to have been carefully preserved by her through a long series of years, and is now drawn upon for the enrichment of memory's page in a retrospect covering the first half-century of her life and ending a good dozen years and more before the grand cataclysm that was to make the world tremble.

Those old enough to have witnessed the remarkable reception given to "Robert Elsmere"—a "religious" novel, as it was commonly called, though many condemned it as "irreligious"—will be moved to read first of all the chapters on the genesis and vicissitudes of that notable book. Three years of literary labor, a great part of it "incessant hard work" with "endless re-writing and much nervous exhaustion," went to the making of this first great success from the writer's pen. Again we are reminded, not superfluously, that the fate of the book was not decided by Gladstone's famous review of it in the *Nineteenth Century;* for, strange as it still must seem, the ponderous "three-decker" that had fairly dismayed the publishers ran promptly through two editions and into a third before the Gladstonian dictum still further accelerated its speed. Fortnightly editions of five thousand copies were continued for many months after the appearance of the one-volume form, half a million copies (unauthorized) delighted as many readers in America, and now after thirty years "Robert Elsmere," as we are assured by its author, is "still a living book."

Other excellent chapters describe the origin and growth of later novels. The writer's earnest consultation with her father, a convert to the Roman Church, concerning the projected "Helbeck of Bannisdale," which she would not write without his consent, her hiring of Levens Hall for purposes of "local color" (though that overworked phrase is not hers), and other elaborate and conscientious preliminaries, with strenuous application to the serious task in the eleven months that followed—all this is well and vividly described with the help of those manuscript aids already referred to. By what rare good fortune, one might be tempted to ask in passing, has it been given to Mrs. Ward to be able to take herself so seriously without forfeiting the right to be taken seriously by her readers? The cordial appreciation of her work as evidenced by quoted passages from Lord Morley and Goldwin Smith, Lord Goschen and Lord Dufferin, Gilder and Godkin, Oliver Wendell Holmes and Charles Eliot Norton, George Meredith and Henry James, and dozens of others—how it must have gratified and inspirited the writer who now selects from her ample sheaf these testimonials to her creative genius, after her early abandonment, which she confesses to us, of all hope of ever being able to write acceptable fiction!

Henry James, who shares with Mrs. Ward's illustrious grandfather (Doctor Arnold of Rugby) the honor of a frontispiece portrait, is in some sense the hero of the book. He has a whole chapter to himself, or largely to himself, besides frequent passages elsewhere, and the writer's admiration for him both as man and as literary artist is outspoken. But when she incidentally, and to the glorification of James, speaks in the same breath of the art of "The Bostonians" and the style in which "Ann Veronica" and "The New Machiavelli" are written, one might not unfairly object that she is comparing the incomparable, measuring the mutually incommensurable. Her repeated reference to what she pronounces the masterpiece of Mr. James's later manner, and which she invariably names as "The Ambassador," moves the James reader to query for the hundredth time why in the world the novelist ever took it into his head to pluralize the title.

A vivid glimpse is afforded of James Martineau, "thinker and saint," with his "beautiful white head" and his "thinker's brow," and the writer takes occasion to say of him, admiringly: "His standards were high and severe, for all the sensitive delicacy of his long, distinguished face and visionary eyes." But, pray, what else than high and severe standards could such a face and such eyes have betokened? Of the many other eminent persons known by Mrs. Ward and agreeably, often illuminatingly, recalled by her, there is not space here to speak. To have met and to have engaged in good, earnest talk with such men as Gladstone and Jowett and Mark Pattison, to have known well such scholars and thinkers as J. R. Green and Huxley and Lord Acton, to have enjoyed the friendship of statesmen of such quality as Mr. Balfour and Viscount Bryce and W. E. Forster, to have been of the guild that included the foremost poets and novelists and historians and essayists of the period,—this alone would have imparted abundant interest and rich variety to Mrs. Ward's retrospect; and the quiet and cultured charm of her well-considered manner, the interspersed observations and reflections, the cordial appreciation of others' literary work, including some critical but kindly comment on the new authors of our new day, all add to the book's readability and value.

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Old Style, and New

In the Heart of a Fool. By William Allen White. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.60.

Birds of Prey. By George Bronson Howard. New York: W. J. Watt & Co.

WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE'S new book is conceived and written in the older and more leisurely manner of the Victorians. The story-teller gives himself without restraint to the luxury of expounding his ideas and lecturing on his situations and commenting on his characters. All that an easy diffuseness and open contempt for "the rules of the game" can do for (and to) a long narrative is done here. Allowing for Mr. White's special scunner against rich men and politicians, and his honest but at times slightly fulsome sentiment, the story ranges itself with a recent series of Middle Western novels that trace the social and industrial development of the Middle West during the past two or three generations. Here are the original settlers, once on a level, now diversified by industry or scruple or fortune—roughly classifiable as the feckless, the thrifty, and the predatory (the last-named, of course, at the top of the social and political system). Here we have the honest down-trodden majority, laboring hopelessly for they know not what; a malign individualism masking as respectability and order; grasping hypocrisy, cynical exploitation, corrupt manipulation of the law in the interests of capital. Here is a deal of fidelity to the facts of time and place, to a great mass of physical and social phenomena, old fashions of dress and speech, old tunes and catchwords, old types we all recognize: the Civil War veteran with his spread-eagling; the genial boss who is a model husband and father, and treats his henchmen "right"; the heartless deacon; the venal judge; and a dozen more. But all these old familiar matters are used by the story-teller to the advantage of an artificial and conventional plot. There is not an action that emerges from the characters. Characterization is too large a word for anything Mr. White ever achieves. He is a popular moralist who lectures with colored slides or, let us say, a series of carefully lighted tableaux. He shows a number of contrasting figures of nearly equal importance: the wicked and cynical young judge, the humorous and at last reformed political despot, the pure-hearted young Messiah of the people who is to go the way of his great Prototype. The contrast between the platform manner of this last-named character and the natural vernacular of most of the other people in the book exposes a joint in its artificial structure. The boss, "Old Linen Pants," and his daughter Laura, with her goodness and charm, might have captured us outright and for good, if their creator had not tied them up, with his clever puppets, among the wires of his mechanical action.

As reporter, librettist, dramatic critic, and playwright, the author of "Birds of Prey" has had the best of opportunities for gathering the substance of his "pages from the book of Broadway." He deposes, however, as one no longer under the spell, pleasant or unpleasant, of that famous thoroughfare. At the advanced age of thirty-four he writes, in his present Foreword: "As for myself, I have been estranged from Broadway for many years. Even when it was my habitat it commanded neither affection nor admiration from me." It commanded his attention, surely, and may have held him to some degree within its strange enchantment. After all, it was only half a dozen years ago that he wrote, or compounded, two of those Winter Garden "shows" which annually, as it were, catch up into a single sphere of light and color the types and manners and (save the mark!) ideals of Broadway. And his style betrays the further compromising fact that he has succeeded with the popular magazines. He has possessed himself of the post-Henry manner, sententious, allusive, chatty, brusque, a means of pleasing that "bourgeoisie" which he so openly despises. A special grievance of the writing clan is expressed more than once in these pages—the small credit given by stage people to the dramatic author. If the play fails, this is because it was badly written—the playwright's fault. If it succeeds, that is because the parts have been so skilfully "created" by the actors. But the main substance of these stories is not concerned with the victims or exploiters of Broadway taste so much as with the parasitic predatory types who are at home and full of business there. The supreme playground of our vulgar middle class offers excellent pickings for birds who know what they want and go straight for it. There is the beauty, usually of "the chorus," who has the art of "stringing along" the fatuous rich till her nest is well lined with their hopeful contributions—something for nothing. There is the male parasite who "lives by his wits," contriving to keep on the right side of the law, or the police, and ranging from the "bar-room comedian" to the "cadet." There are the "steerers" of both sexes, working on commission for the better class of gambling house, and the great company of adventurers whose inexhaustible source of gain is in clever forms of blackmail. For all these the gilded youth from the other Avenue, as well as the squandering "Rube" from anywhere to westward, were created. Of a different order are the queer birds who have through luck or will power come up from nowhere to fame in the show-world. This book, for all its knowingness and surface cynicism (Mr. Howard's attitude toward women is that of a sort of super-Sophomore), is honestly meant, and conveys a sense of the strange jumbled motives and saving scraps of virtue that make a human scene even of Broadway.

Books in Brief

THE volume entitled "The Letters of Algernon Charles Swinburne," edited by Thomas Hake and Arthur Compton-Rickett and published in London by John Murray, is misnamed. Of the entire mass of Swinburne's correspondence Messrs. Hake and Compton-Rickett controlled the publishing rights only of the letters to D. G. Rossetti, Edwin Harrison, and Theodore Watts-Dunton, with a few to some other friends and acquaintances. It is surprising that Mr. Murray should have countenanced the publication of the collection under this pretentious title, for the injustice to Mrs. Disney Leith, who has issued a selection of the poet's letters to his family, and to T. J. Wise and Edmund Gosse, who are about to publish two volumes of Swinburne's correspondence, is obvious. Only those who are acquainted with the privately printed tracts, issued by Mr. Wise during the years since the poet's death, containing his letters to such correspondents as Lord Houghton, Lord Morley, Lord Lytton, Mr. Gosse, Mr. Bullen, J. C. Collins, J. H. Ingram, Stéphane Mallarmé, and others, can be aware of the charm, enthusiasm, and keen critical appreciation that, when these letters are published, will insure Swinburne's position among the greater English letter-writers. The present volume gives little indication of his merits in this kind. The correspondence with Rossetti during the period when the "Poems" of 1870 were in train for publication is full of interest for its helpful and constructive criticism of a fellow-poet's work; it makes us regret the more the sheaf of letters from Rossetti to Sir Sidney Colvin, of the same period and on the same matters, that have unhappily been lost. But much of the book is occupied with letters to Watts-Dunton that are often both trivial and dull, and that help to confirm the impression, recently reiterated with emphasis by Clement K. Shorter, of the mental deterioration of Swinburne's later career and of the intellectually debilitating effect of association with Watts-Dunton. We pass over the bad proof-reading of the book, for which the present condition of the printing business in England affords ample excuse; but the many errors of statement are unpardonable. Dates and titles are frequently given incorrectly. Swinburne's first volume was published in 1860,

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not 1861; his visit to Landor was in 1864, not 1865; Rossetti's volume of 1881 is not "also named *Poems*"; there is more confusion as to the titles of Swinburne's volumes than it is possible to indicate here. "Le Tombeau de Théophile Gautier," that unique anthology in which Alphonse Lemerre collected the tributes of more than eighty poets to Gautier and to which Swinburne was a contributor, is spoken of as Swinburne's "book of memorial verses" afterwards "incorporated in Poems and Ballads (second series)." The impression of slovenliness that these and other errors convey is increased by the writers' use of the English language. A sense of humor would have enabled them to avoid the rhetorical conclusion of their account of the poet's ascent of Culver Cliff: "Then he set his teeth and went straight for the rock, and the cliff gave way under him." It is stated that John Nichol was "appointed Emeritus Professor" at Glasgow; there is an allusion to Swinburne's "fascination for the modern stage" when the meaning is that the stage had a fascination for Swinburne; and there are many other passages still more illiterate,—for example, the summary of the contents of "Essays and Studies" on pages 95-6, and the following sentence: "*The Tatler* . . . was not the class of journal a writer of Swinburne's signal position in the literary world would do wisely to contribute." Upon such editors and such stylists the dead poet would have invoked "my Shakespeare's curse," and had he been permitted would doubtless have entrusted this portion of his correspondence to the care of the accomplished men of letters who are soon to give another and more important part of it to the public.

A RECENT addition to the lengthening list of discussions of the inner content and significance of architecture is Claude Bragdon's "Architecture and Democracy" (Knopf; $1). The title really belongs only to the first three chapters, respectively discussing architecture before, during, and since the war, and covering 73 pages. The remaining 140 pages of the book are mainly devoted to expounding the author's views on ornament, color, and music as related to the fourth dimension, to the mystic relations of numbers, to theosophy, and to spiritual symbolism, with a eulogistic essay on Louis H. Sullivan as a prophet of the new day in art. There is in this well-written collection of papers much stimulating and suggestive criticism and analysis, with much also, on the other hand, that is eccentric and extravagant. The tone and method are iconoclastic and transcendental, the language and ideas often mystical beyond the reach of ordinary comprehension. "Our sense of the eternal secret heart of things as it presents itself to our young eyes"; "mathematics is the handwriting on the human consciousness of the very Spirit of Life itself"; "the egg-and-dart are phallic emblems, female and male, or symbols of finite existence contrasted with infinity,"—such fine phrases mean something, perhaps, to the initiated few, but nothing to the many. The architectural criticisms, acute and penetrating in spots, are too often vitiated by the common error of treating details as if they were the substance of architecture itself instead of the medium of its expression. Mr. Bragdon's fourth-dimensional geometric ornament, on which he dwells at great length, appears on analysis to be simply two-dimensional ornament arrived at by a roundabout process of mathematical mystification. Much of it is undeniably clever, but the reviewer confesses to being old-fashioned enough to prefer—if one must have exclusively geometric ornament— that of the Arabs and Moors to the new kind set forth in this book. The general appeal of these essays is to forsake at once and for all the well-worn paths of the world's experience in art, and enter "pastures new." The appeal is persuasively presented; but the teaching of the ages is that new pastures of art are successfully entered only step by step, by minute and gradual departures from the old and familiar ways. Mr. Bragdon does well to urge us to set our faces towards the new fields; but we shall have to work our way to them each by his own path, rather than by the particular road preferred by this author.

WE do not know how much of "The Book of Daniel Drew" (Doran; $1.50) is Drew's and how much is Mr. Bouck White's, whose name appears on the cover as editor; but it constitutes an amusing, if not very edifying, biography, and a readable account of life in New York City and State in the early and middle years of the nineteenth century. Drew was born on a farm in Carmel, N. Y., in 1797; in 1879 he died full of years and dishonor, after a most varied career in which he seems, at one time or another, to have turned his hand to nearly every occupation under the sun. On one point he was uniformly consistent: he never played fair at anything. One of his early jobs was that of a clown in a travelling circus; and we know that he was eventually to become a power in Wall Street, which ultimately ruined him, while it left unscathed many of his friends who were no better than he. Between the periods of his clowning and his financing he was successively a soldier—though he never heard a shot fired—a cattleman, an innkeeper, and a steamboat man; and he found time, in the intervals of his more mundane pursuits, to found the theological seminary and the girls' school that still bear his name (they were not so particular about tainted money in the mid-Victorian days). While there is a rich vein of religiosity that keeps cropping up throughout the book, and which soon ceases to be amusing and becomes merely disgusting, yet the narrative is permeated by a racy and picaresque humor which, for the moment, almost reconciles the reader to the contemplation of the rascalities which the hoary old reprobate recalls with so infectious a chuckle.

THE new edition of Mrs. Martha Foote Crow's "Christ in the Poetry of Today" (Woman's Press; $2) differs from the previous one only in including an additional section called "Christ and the World-War." It seems to us rather a pity that the compiler should have looked for additional material solely to that restricted field. Good religious poetry is scarce enough, as the poems in this volume amply testify; good World-War poetry is scarcer still. Therefore it is hardly surprising that there should not be a single poem in Mrs. Crow's supplementary section that is worth preserving,—except, perhaps, William Church Alvord's "The Carpenter," which has that poet's robustness and grim humor to recommend it. The best things in the book are Edgar Lee Masters's "The Gospel of Mark" and "The Apology of Demetrius." Both of these are, of course, more philosophical than religious, which is also true of the Christian poems of Browning and, curiously enough, of the one great hymn of the nineteenth century, "Lead Kindly Light." Had Mrs. Crow been less exclusive in selecting her additional matter, she could, we think, have found one or two recent pieces that might well have replaced some of the obvious "fillers" used to eke out her volume. By the way, we suppose that every one who compiles an anthology is sore put to it to resist the temptation of including some of his own work. To this temptation Mrs. Crow has succumbed to the extent of three poems, one of which we owe, for our sins, to the war.

SO quietly does the Library of Congress perform its work and so indefatigably have the chiefs of the manuscript department, Worthington C. Ford and Gaillard Hunt, his successor, devoted themselves to the task of collection that probably few people other than those specially interested have any idea of the scope and richness of the historical documents now available in that repository. The issue of a "Handbook of Manuscripts in the Library of Congress" (Government Printing Office) is not only a boon but also a revelation. It is a compact and handy volume of more than five hundred pages of text and about two hundred pages of index, and can readily be slipped into the pocket of the investigator. Its contents are well arranged, under the names of writers, countries, localities, and certain selected headings such as "Transcripts," "Orientalia," "Miscellany," etc., in alphabetical order, and consist of brief running descriptions, sometimes itemized, sometimes general. Many of the collections have been acquired by purchase,

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others by gift, and a few have been received only on deposit, the legal title remaining with the owner. Occasionally, as with the Benjamin Harrison and Simon Newcomb papers, the collections are not open to investigators until their use for projected biographies has been terminated. It is interesting to notice how large a proportion of this material has been secured within the last few years, and how much more varied is the material recently acquired than that obtained during the earlier years. The older idea that such documents should be mainly political, diplomatic, or military, has given way before the notion prevailing to-day that anything relating to the past is grist for the historian. The largest single item, and probably the most important, is that of "Transcripts from Foreign Archives," under which are listed transcribed documents from England, France, Spain, Russia, Cuba, and Mexico, which in the aggregate cover more than two hundred thousand folios, a number steadily increasing. That historical experts, serving without pay, have aided the Library in this great undertaking is a matter of pride to all concerned.

DURING the past twenty-four years moving pictures have progressed from the first crude, groaning experiment in an Indiana jewelry store to the proud place of fifth industry of the world. "They have accomplished," says Homer Croy in "How Motion Pictures Are Made" (Harpers; $4), "as much in a quarter of a century as printing did in two hundred years, and as much as the drama has since the death of Shakespeare." It is high time, therefore, that we should have an adequate presentation of the cinema, its history, manufacture, processes of production, and its probable future. And this Mr. Croy has given us in the present book. The history of the film is here traced from its origin in the zoetrope, through the experiments of Sellers, Muybridge, Jenkins, Edison, and the rest, to its present state of perfection, while modern methods of manufacture and production are adequately treated. Very interesting is the author's expert opinion about the future of the film. "Mechanically," he says, "the greatest achievement of the coming years will be the perfection of colored pictures. . . . With the coming success of chromatic films nature will be rivalled in detail. Scenes will stand forth with as much brilliancy and intimacy of detail as in the original itself." And a little lower down he continues: "Of lesser interest and longer to be achieved will be vocal films. . . . They will be a success from the mechanical point of view, but they will have little dramatic interest." In this connection it may be noted that many years ago, when moving pictures had scarcely passed the experimental stage, Thomas A. Edison asserted that the possibilities of a combination of the cinema and the phonograph were musical rather than dramatic.

MUCH of the interest of the latest "American Jewish Yearbook" (Jewish Publication Society; $1.50) centres naturally enough around the war. There are articles outlining the work done by the Jewish Welfare Board and by the Federation of Jewish Charities in New York; an essay, by Captain Albala, describes the condition of Jewish communities in Serbia; another paper gives the statistics covering the activities of American Jews in the great conflict. But by far the most interesting part of this volume is that which gives a record of events in Russia since September, 1917, as they affected the Jewish population there. In the new republic we find a constant growth of liberalism toward the Jews, in marked contrast with what the Poles have done while achieving freedom. First, immediately after the Czar's overthrow, there seems to have been some tendency toward the old policy of "massacre the Jews whenever anything goes wrong." But very soon the aspect of affairs changed. A Zionist Congress has been held, by Government permission, for the first time in Russian history. A great Jewish conference to discuss Jewish questions has been called. Despite the pogroms and disorders that followed in the wake of revolution, the Government, notably that of the Bolsheviki, set its face against anti-Semitism. The Soldiers' and Workers' Soviet at Petrograd adopted a resolution last June condemning anti-Semitism as the weapon used by reactionaries and counter-revolutionaries to attain their ends: Kishinev, through its chief executive, expressed its regret for the past, and asked that ancient wrongs be forgotten and forgiven. Jewish exiles in Siberia were set free. Jewish teachers' training colleges were provided for by the Government. All restrictive legislation against the Jews of Russia was repealed by the Soviet Congress. In the provinces, in Finland and the Ukraine, similar liberal measures were adopted with the complete consent of the Central Government. In short, whatever its record with regard to other matters, the Soviet Government of Russia has loyally protected its six million or more Jews, who now for the first time can call themselves citizens.

IT seems to us that when William Stanley Braithwaite, editor of "An Anthology of Magazine Verse for 1918" (Small, Maynard; $2), includes five poems by Patience Worth, he admits, by implication, that he is hard put to it to eke out a fair-sized volume with the material available. Patience Worth is a taste we have failed to acquire. It is doubtful if the present collection measures up to even the very moderate standard of past years. There is certainly no poem in the same class with Vachel Lindsay's "Chinese Nightingale" of two years ago. This year Mr. Lindsay is represented by three pieces two of which, "How Samson Bore Away the Gates of Gaza" and "The Eyes of Queen Esther and How they Conquered King Ahasuerus" are fairly up to the poet's average. There is a not unpleasing humor in Gamaliel Bradford's "Exit God." Rather more than the usual average of poems this year have a religious tinge; and there are, we think, proportionately fewer romantic pieces, and what there are have a tendency to run to mere prettiness when they run to anything as respectable.

THE anonymous translator of the seven "Tales from Boccaccio" published in the Stratford Universal Library (Stratford Co.) has done an appreciable service in providing so easy an approach to the "Decameron," that treasure house of mediæval gossip, fiction, fable, and journalism, not to say history. The stories are sufficiently well selected for variety of interest, covering practical jokes, Oriental didacticism, love, intrigue, and other *motifs;* also, the translator has been able, in his choice of material, to avoid offence to the reader's sense of decency. The rendering from the Italian is almost without exception faithfully done, and the style, even if at times more archaic than grammatical, is pleasantly suggestive of a different age, and, on the whole, fits the narrative comfortably. The humor, as is well, remains in the translation strongly tinctured with mediævalism. The book, being manifestly intended for popular reading, would be greatly helped by the addition of an introduction discussing briefly the plan and literary significance of the "Decameron," as well as the life and time of Boccaccio.

THE forewarned and suspicious reviewer who finds a new book about Mexico upon his desk is likely to mumble: "Now what does this fellow want? Does he write for the English oil interests? Has Hearst hired him to make anti-Carranza propaganda? Is there a new combination in Wall Street that wants mines or waterpower or harbor facilities?" Nine times out of ten he can, after a short perusal, state the source of supplies (both intellectual and financial) from which the author has drawn with more or less becoming modesty. Hail, therefore, to an honest book on the subject! Louise S. Hasbrouck's elementary history of our great southern neighbor, "Mexico from Cortez to Carranza" (Appleton; $1.50), is a collection of simple facts, properly arranged and truthfully stated. Now that the war is over and attention will be once more directed upon Mexican affairs (there are pending some European claims for damages that are likely to startle even the most hardened of our financial experts), we shall have ample need for such a conveniently small yet at the same time such a comprehensive volume.

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Literary Notes

A study of "Clemenceau: The Man and his Time," by the veteran English socialist H. M. Hyndman, will be published next month by Messrs. Stokes.

Hartley Burr Alexander, author of a book on "Liberty and Democracy" recently issued by the Marshall Jones Company, is the newly elected president of the American Philosophical Association.

That peace hath her poetry no less than war will no doubt be amply demonstrated by R. M. Leonard in his forthcoming anthology, "The Poetry of Peace," which the Oxford University Press is about to publish.

In the preparation of his extended work on Richard Cobden, now ready for publication, J. A. Hobson has had access to considerable material hitherto unused. The title of Mr. Hobson's book, "Richard Cobden: The International Man," indicates the main aspect from which Cobden's life and work are here considered.

Among other titles soon to be issued by the Marshall Jones Company are the following: "Reconstruction of Churches in the War Zone" by Professor Goodyear of the Brooklyn Museum, "The Seven Who Slept" by A. Kingsley Porter, an anonymous collection of "Letters from a Prairie Garden," and a book on American patriotism printed in English and Italian.

In "Eastern Exploration, Past and Future," announced for early publication by Robert M. McBride & Co., Dr. W. Flinders Petrie briefly reviews the discoveries that have been made in Asia Minor, and points out the importance of taking adequate steps in Mesopotamia and Palestine to conserve the buildings and other treasures of antiquity which, in the past, Turkish control has largely prevented the archæologist from exploring.

Ex-Premier Kerensky's own account of the events which led up to the Kornilov rising, at one of the most critical periods of the Russian Revolution, is soon to be published under the title, "The Prelude to Bolshevism: The Kornilov Rebellion." It will undoubtedly present a vividly dramatic as well as historically valuable narrative of Russian events during the greater part of 1917, written by one who was the chief storm centre of those tremendous months.

A new book by Bertrand Russell, which will undoubtedly find an American publisher in due course, is entitled "Roads to Freedom: Socialism, Anarchism, and Syndicalism." Avowing himself convinced that guild socialism provides the safest and best programme for reconstruction, Mr. Russell examines the history and doctrines of the other systems, and argues that guild socialism avoids the hazards of anarchist communism and the bureaucratic tendencies of state socialism, yet comprehends practically all the benefits they offer.

"Tolstoy we know; Dostoievsky we know; and now comes a new force into our life—Solovyof, the greatest of the three." Thus does Stephen Graham introduce to English readers a book called "The Justification of the Good," in which Solovyof expounds a moral philosophy of the most ideal kind, aiming at the evolution of man, not as super-man, but as God-man, at the unity of Christendom and all mankind, and declaring the pursuit of good, as such, the only right and consistent way of life. Mrs. Nathalie Duddington is the translator of the work, and Messrs. Constable are about to publish it in their "Russian Library."

Thomas J. Wise has recently issued in a privately printed edition a bibliography of the works of Elizabeth Barrett Browning for the Bibliographical Society. The work includes careful collations and descriptions of all her volumes and a list of all her contributions to periodicals. A number of hitherto unprinted letters of Mrs. Browning are also included. Mr. Wise is at present at work upon similar bibliographies of Robert Browning and A. C. Swinburne. When these have been completed he plans to compile a bibliography of the works of Lord Byron; and his programme contemplates, ultimately, bibliographies of Pope, Prior, and Gay.

Following the publication of Entente successors to "Baedeker" and the "Almanach de Gotha," we are soon to have an Entente "Minerva" from the press of Gauthier-Villars, in Paris. "Universitatum et Altarum Scholarum Index Generalis, Annuaire Général des Facultés" is its title, and it will appear under the direction of R. de Montressus de Ballore, with the encouragement of the French Minister of Public Instruction. By way of innovation, the information as to non-French institutions will be given, *sauf exceptions*, in the language of the country to which they belong; and the German portion, naturally the *pièce de résistance* in the old "Minerva," published for a quarter of a century in Strassburg, will not find a place in the Paris "Index."

The End of a Period

A SENSE almost of hiatus marked the sessions of the various associations which held their annual meetings at Richmond during the last week of the year. The American Economic Association, the American Sociological Society, the American Statistical Association, the American Association for Labor Legislation, and the American Association for Agricultural Legislation furnished to their members and a few of the local Richmond public a wide variety of interesting programmes—only too many and too attractive for those ambitious to "cover" everything of special interest.

The programmes naturally and properly reflected the transition character of the moment, some reviewing the experiences of the war period, others dealing with the problems now facing us. The Sociological Society gave its sessions a certain unity by grouping them about the general subject of Sociology and Education. Professor Cooley's presidential address dealt with A Primary Culture for Democracy. The sessions of the Statistical Society found their keynote in the address of President Wesley C. Mitchell on Statistics and Government. One session was given to a review of the statistical work of the various war boards; the cost of living and price fluctuations were discussed by W. F. Ogburn, Commissioner Royal Meeker, and others; vital statistics and statistics of foreign commerce were also taken up. The sessions culminated in a round-table discussion of federal statistics and a resolution, to be personally presented, looking to conditions insuring a scientific handling of the next census.

The Economic Association devoted various sectional meetings to special topics under the heads of accounting, marketing, methods and costs, rate of interest, price levels, the possibilities of price fixing in time of peace, taxation, monetary standards and the stabilizing of the dollar as proposed by Professor Irving Fisher, and the place of economic theory in an era of readjustment. In Richmond, as at the Municipal League meetings in Rochester, one felt the effects of the new opportunities for administrative experience that war service has opened to scholars. The president of the association, indeed, took as the subject of his address Economists in Public Service.

The widest interest was aroused by the immediately pressing problems discussed at the meetings of the Association for Labor Legislation. The secretary, John B. Andrews, spoke of the proposal to hold an international conference on labor legislation at the same time and place as the peace congress, and of the progress thus far made in incorporating minimum standards in treaties between two or more countries. Twenty-three such treaties in all have been made and the part of the international convention of 1906 prohibiting night work of women has been adopted by thirteen European countries; and that prohibiting poisonous phosphorus in the match industry has been adopted by almost as many. As is the case in the parallel effort within the United States to supplement State legislation by Federal, the first object sought in getting general legislation is to prevent the unrestricted employers from undercutting those who are required to meet social standards; later this undertaking tends to develop into another, namely, to bring backward areas—or what English manufacturers call "the low end of the trade"—up to the level of the more advanced. Different phases of the rapidly developing public policy of social workmen's compensation and insurance were discussed at various sessions; this policy was the subject of the address of the President of the Association, Samuel McCune Lindsay. It is a hopeful sign that eight states had, during 1918, commissions studying the subject of health insurance.

Still more immediate interest centered on the subject of demobilization and its problems. Ordway Tead made an admirable constructive analysis of the means for averting unemployment, and of the function of the public employment service. Mr.

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Smyth, of the Federal Employment Service, which has been so hastily created during the war emergency and which has a herculean task upon its hands, met frank criticism of the performance of different employment bureaus with admirable candor and freedom from official touchiness. The impression left by the discussion, however, was that while this service was indispensable, not only now, but in ordinary times, and while Congress ought to give it the regular and permanent status which it now lacks, yet it has thus far fallen wofully short of realizing its own intelligent programme.

Mary Van Kleeck, Director of the Division of Women in Industry of the Department of Labor, spoke of the situation of women workers during reconstruction. Some of the ugly phases of the matter were presented by Ethel Smith, speaking for the women employed by the street car companies of Cleveland and Detroit, who are meeting such shabby treatment at the hands of the trade unions. Other aspects of the economic status of women were discussed by Anna Garlin Spencer and others at meetings of the Sociological Society. The necessity of equal pay for equal work and of an equal representation in collective bargaining is obvious. Social responsibility for the cost of bearing and rearing children, it was suggested, is a problem, serious consideration of which is close upon us, though we shall probably have the advantage of taking it up after England, and perhaps socialist European states, have made preliminary experiments.

The chief session of the final evening, arranged by the American Economic Association, dealt with the Economic Bases of Permanent Peace. William Culbertson of the Tariff Commission, discussing The Open Door as a Colonial Policy, showed the necessity, if the world is to know peace, of economic liberalism. The conference ended on the international note with remarks by the Minister from the Netherlands, Mr. Cremer, and Professor Van Vollenhoven of the University of Leyden, who told of the Academy of International Law founded in January, 1914, but up to the present time interrupted in its activities by the war.

E. G. B.

The Society of Biblical Literature and Exegesis

THE fifty-fourth meeting of this society was held at Columbia University on December 26 and 27. Both in point of attendance and in the interest aroused by the papers presented the meeting was an unusually successful one. Four separate sessions for the reading of papers were held and a fifth one on Friday evening conjointly with the American Philological Association and the Archæological Institute of America, which met in New York on the same days.

At the opening meeting on Thursday afternoon, Professor James A. Montgomery, of the University of Pennsylvania, delivered the annual address as president of the society. He chose as his subject "Present Duties of American Biblical Scholarship." After referring to the changes in the aspect of the world that will become apparent after the war, Professor Montgomery emphasized the need for scholarship to come into closer touch with the seething life around us. We cannot deny, he said, that during the past two decades there has been a decline in the study of the humanities, the classics, and philology, as well as Hebrew, which together with Greek forms the basis of Biblical studies. If life is to be interpreted as involving more than mere mechanical action, we must bestir ourselves to bring the purely cultural studies once more into the foreground. Scholars must abandon the attitude of academic isolation which has hitherto marked them and bring the results of investigation into larger popular notice. The need of excavations in Palestine was especially emphasized by Professor Montgomery, who spoke in this connection of plans for the enlargement of the work of the School of American Archæology, established about two decades ago as a branch of the Archæological Institute of America. A special obligation toward Palestinian archæology rests upon American scholars because it was one of their number, Dr. Edward Robinson, of Union Theological Seminary, who was a pioneer in this field of research.

The feature of most general interest was a symposium on "Critical Method in the Study of the Old Testament," arranged by a special committee. It was opened by a survey of the results and present status of the critical study of the Old Testament by Professor George A. Barton, of Bryn Mawr College. Professor Fullerton, of Oberlin College, followed with an examination of the principles underlying the analysis of documents in the Old Testament and an exposition of the scope and proper method of textual criticism. He showed how the critical method of approach to the study of the Pentateuchal laws must be differentiated from the manner in which the Psalms and the Prophets are to be approached. In the case of the Laws our aim must be to distinguish between the different strata, whereas in the case of the Psalms we fail in our interpretation if our analysis and our textual criticism do not lead us to penetrate into their spirit and beauty.

Professor Torrey, of Yale University, to whom was assigned as a subject "The Use of the Versions in the Critical Study of the Old Testament," was severe in his criticism of the faulty method so largely followed by Biblical scholarship in looking upon the Greek and even later versions of Old Testament books as the proper basis for proposing textual changes in the Hebrew original. He showed that the manuscripts of the oldest version of the Greek were quite as corrupt as the Hebrew original; and he illustrated by many examples the pitfalls into which scholars have fallen who have used the versions of the Old Testament in an uncritical fashion.

Professor A. T. Olmstead, of the University of Illinois, whose special field is Oriental history, gave a remarkably clear and suggestive exposition of the manner in which the historical data of the Old Testament ought to be utilized in historical research. The great difficulty in the case of the Old Testament books was due to the element of tradition, which is largely mixed up with genuine history even in the case of those books which are primarily historical. It is only from further discoveries through excavations or through fortunate finds that we may expect to find material which will enable us to sift the valuable from the worthless elements in tradition. Professor Morgenstern closed the discussion with a paper on the "Utilization of Archæological Data in the Old Testament." The general impression created by this interesting symposium was to show that on the whole the results of the critical study of the Old Testament, as pursued by scholars in Europe and this country during the past century, rested on a very firm basis. As Professor Barton pointed out, eccentric theories that have occasionally been brought forward have soon been recognized as such and discarded; while on the other hand attacks upon the basis of the critical attitude toward the Old Testament have failed to shake the foundations.

Professor H. P. Smith, of Union Theological Seminary, on behalf of a special committee, read a brief tribute to the services of the late Professor Wellhausen, who died in April, 1918; Professor Warren J. Moulton, of Bangor Seminary, who had the privilege of studying under Professor Wellhausen, added personal reminiscences which illustrated the fine character as well as the extraordinary brilliancy of the man. It is to the credit of the Society of Biblical Literature that the strong feeling existing toward Germany did not hinder the members from paying their tribute of respect to one to whom both Old and New Testament scholars in all countries are so deeply indebted.

Announcement was made at one of the sessions by Professor Barton, on behalf of the Executive Committee of the American School of Archæology in Palestine, that it is hoped to reopen the School for 1919 and that plans are now being considered for the appointment of a permanent director and for the erection of a building, the funds for which have been contributed by Mrs. J. B. Nies.

MORRIS JASTROW, JR.

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Art

The Clarke Collection

AN interesting phase of the Early American Portraits collected by Mr. Thomas B. Clarke, and spaciously hung at the American Art Association Galleries—portraits of personalities of one hundred years or more ago, when, as now, the United States was involved in international problems—is the revelation of the kind of leader the people produced in those chaotic, changeful times. Many of the portraits are mediocre in technique, and are obviously the result of a few years' study with English masters, and a hasty application of some formal principles regarded as the principal requirements in the production of a successful portrait. But in spite of this handicap the sturdy quality of the New World builders is caught in nearly every picture.

It is difficult to begin with anyone but George Washington, of whom there are five portraits, one by Rembrandt Peale, done when the artist was only seventeen, and a remarkably fine picture, one by his father, Charles Wilson Peale, and one by his uncle Charles Peale Polk. They vary only in technique, the features of the "Father of his Country" being characterized by the same uniformity that marks those of Napoleon on many a contemporary canvas. The "Athenæum head" by Gilbert Stuart is an exception and a magnificent silky portrait, and the praise of the artist and his work by his friend Washington Allston is none too high: "Well is his ambition justified in the sublime head he has left us—a nobler personification of wisdom and goodness reposing in the majesty of a serene countenance is not to be found on canvas."

A delightful letter of George Washington's acquiescing in the request of an artist for a sitting is worth quoting in part:

"Dear Sir.—'In for a penny in for a pound' is an old adage. I am so hackneyed to the touches of the painter's pencil, that I am now altogether at their beck, and sit like Patience on a monument whilst they delineate the features of my face.

"It is a proof, among many others, of what habit and custom may effect. At first I was impatient at the request, and as restive under the operation as a colt is of the saddle. The next time I submitted very reluctantly, but with fewer flounces; now, no dray moves more readily to the drill than I to the painter's chair."

There is a portrait, by Ralph Earl, of Truman Marsh of Litchfield, Conn.—rector, scholar, and severe Puritan gentleman, standing in his robes against a red curtain looking out with cold eyes on a presumably frivolous world, and further along two paintings by Thomas Sully, a painter born in England, and bringing from there an incurable romanticism which he transferred to his portraits, through sentimental posture, absurdly expressive eyes, and poor modelling. Very different and very charming are two portraits of Abraham and Antje Hooghkirk by William Dunlap, small and carefully painted, two dear old people ruddy and wise, and, to make the story complete, residents of Rhinebeck, N. Y. There are portraits of Major Whistler, of President Grant, of Edgar Allan Poe, and the fascinating David Garrick, friend and pupil of Doctor Johnson; of Charles Sprague, poet and banker, with a gentle sensitive face somehow suggesting the quiet shady streets, the red brick houses and finely wrought iron railings, of early Salem; a brilliant portrait of Andrew Jackson, with his vital angular face and upstanding bush of hair, an aggressive and determined personality who tried in vain to force "Peggy" O'Neill on Washington society. Of Peggy, too, there is a portrait in the collection—a smooth conventional painting of a wise, ambitious lady. Among the few paintings of women, that of Miss Maynard, by James Peale, combines decorative quality and lovely color. Miss Maynard is a slim person with auburn hair, soft brown eyes, a natty blue dress and moss roses at her bosom.

W.

Drama

Gold Bricks and Staple Goods

PLAYS like "East is West" make us wish for a Congressional investigation of the theatre, an exposé of the difference between theatrical shoddy and real wool. "East is West" is a comedy; its success is a tragedy. Theatrical shoddy escapes detection with deplorable ease, for a play does not have to stand the test of time and weather. Our public does not yet ask to take anything home from the theatre; it is content with the diversion of the moment. Tricked up with pretty scenery, some good acting, Miss Bainter's pleasing personality, and cheaply bright lines, the original fabric of the play is sufficiently disguised to "pass." Nevertheless the gilding conceals only a brick, and the sooner the public realizes that it is being "bunkoed" the better.

From start to finish the play is insincere. It is afraid to call a spade a spade, and it calls lots of thing diamonds that are in reality the poorest sort of paste. The authors gloss over crude sex situations with circumlocutions that are neither necessary nor successful, pandering to the sensuality and the prudery of their audience in the same breath. Still more insidious is the labelling of characters with false tags. It is as if they had thickened skimmed milk with flour and called it cream. James Potter, we are told, is an altruistic millionaire, devoting his life to uplifting the Chinese in San Francisco. We meet him calling at a Chinese home. His only visible attempt at uplift is to teach the young girl he finds there a disreputable dance. Lo Sang Kee is a kind and honorable merchant who loves the young Ming Toy as his daughter. He repudiates with Anglo-Saxon horror the imputation that she is his mistress. "Ming Toy good girl," he reiterates proudly. Yet for the purposes of the play, he decides without a moment's hesitation to offer Ming Toy to Charlie Yang, the unscrupulous boss of Chinatown, a vicious and ruthless sensualist. And finally we are asked to accept Ming Toy, the heroine, as all that is lovely and innocent.

George M. Cohan's work in "A Prince There Was," offers a contrast worth considering. Here is mediocrity earning its success. Mr. Cohan acting in his own play is a combination not easily resisted by the theatre-going public, and with reason. He not only understands his public better than any one else in the theatrical world to-day; he also likes it better. The second explains the first. He does not condescend to its ignorance or exploit its weakness. He knows what it wants and he knows what is good for it, and he manages to combine the two in honest, entertaining, and commonplace drama.

"A Prince There Was" is a romantic comedy based on a story by Darragh Aldrich. The plot is simple and obvious, the characters are amusing and obvious, the dialogue is bright and obvious; and there is nothing that the general public appreciates more than the obvious. Mr. Cohan's performance in the rôle of Charles Martin is very good and entirely without distinction. The young millionaire he impersonates is a very likable chap; he is never a gentleman. Mr. Cohan's work is always without distinction. That is perhaps the secret of its popularity. George M. Cohan is the apotheosis of the man in the street. The hearty and sincere applause that greets his appearance seems to say, "There is George M. He is one of us who has made good. No reason why we shouldn't do the same." But it is never a making good at the expense of others. Mr. Cohan's message is always a friendly one.

T. H.

Amusements

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Finance

More Foreign Investments

ACTION by an American group of bankers in arranging, with the approval of the State Department, to send a representative to China for the purpose of studying conditions in that country, shows that the time of important lending operations may be near at hand. John Jay Abbott, vice-president of the Continental and Commercial Trust and Savings Bank of Chicago, will be the emissary for the group of banks, which takes in many of the largest financial interests of the United States. Although no specific loan is under consideration at this time, it is evident that Mr. Abbott will conduct a thorough inquiry so that he may be fully in touch with the situation when the time comes for the American syndicate to make large loans.

This interesting news suggests the striking changes that have taken place since the American group of bankers withdrew precipitately from a similar undertaking a few years ago at the time that Mr. Bryan was Secretary of State. Soon afterwards the beginning of the European War put a stop to all negotiations, and except for a $5,000,000 loan made by Chicago bankers in 1917, there have been virtually no loans by American banks to the Chinese Government. It is clear, however, that important advances must be made before long in connection with the movement to finance China and provide for the expansion of industry in that country. These negotiations may be complicated, however, since they will probably involve representatives of the six different Powers which figured in the previous undertaking. As much of the preliminary work has already been done, it is probable that the present operation will be carried through, and that the long-planned scheme of financing for China, to be participated in by the bankers of the United States, Great Britain, France, Japan, and other countries, will be successful.

The situation is interesting, and bears upon the position of this country's foreign trade, as indicated by the immense excess of exports over imports. All students of international finance realize that it will be necessary for American banking interests to make large loans to those foreign countries with which American manufacturers and exporters hope to do business. If we are to develop our foreign trade on the scale already planned, it will be necessary for us to establish large credits in this country for the account of those Governments and private interests with which we hope to have dealings. The foreign nations have not the gold to send us, and except in instances where it is possible for us to make large purchases of raw material and other produce in the countries to which our large shipments are made, it will be necessary for our exporters to offer liberal credit. In other words, it will be necessary for American business men seeking trade in foreign fields to make as liberal arrangements as are offered by the exporters of other countries.

It is important that this truth should be recognized forthwith. At the forthcoming meeting of the Foreign Trade Council to be held in Chicago next spring, the ways and means of effecting favorable credit arrangements will be considered, and united action obtained, if possible, in the effort to bid for this business in a satisfactory way. As a result of the extraordinary loans made by the United States to foreign Governments during the period of the world war, as well as the direct advances by private investors to borrowers of Europe, it will be necessary for the various European nations to remit to us each year fully $500,000,000 in interest payments. In addition to these huge remittances, there will fall due within the next twelve months some $600,000,000 of loans placed here by foreign Governments during the early months of the war. The further fact that foreign holders of American securities have sold back to this market about $2,000,000,000 of such holdings, so that there are at present outstanding abroad scarcely $1,000,000,000 of American securities, suggests that the trend of the foreign exchanges will run so heavily in favor of the United States during the coming year as to make it difficult for foreign purchasers of American goods and merchandise to remit in settlement of our claims, except on an exchange basis so costly to the foreign buyers as to make it almost impossible for them to do business with us.

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BOOKS OF THE WEEK

POETRY AND DRAMA

Pierce, F. E. Poems of New England and Old Spain. Four Seas Co. $1.25.

The Oxford Book of Australasian Verse. Chosen by W. Murdock. Oxford University Press. $3.

FICTION

Hamilton, Cosmo. Who Cares? Little, Brown. $1.50.

Johnston, William. The Apartment Next Door. Little, Brown. $1.50.

Oppenheim, E. P. The Curious Quest. Little, Brown. $1.50.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

Allen, W. C. A History of Halifax County. Cornhill Co.

Cross, W. L. The History of Henry Fielding. 3 volumes. Yale University Press.

Jusaitis, K. A. The History of the Lithuanian Nation. Lithuanian Catholic Truth Society.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS

Bridges, H. J. On Becoming an American. Marshall Jones.

Kallen, H. M. The League of Nations. Marshall Jones. $1.50.

Warner, A. G. American Charities. Crowell. $2.50.

THE WAR

Cram, R. A. The Sins of the Fathers. Marshall Jones. $1.

Pettit, A. J. The Last Enemy. Marshall Jones. $1.

MISCELLANEOUS

Edwards, W. J. Twenty-five Years in the Black-Belt. Cornhill Company.

Kiddier, William. The Oracle of Colour. London: A. C. Fifield.

Lasker, E. J. Chess and Checkers. Appleton. $1.25.

Letters of Susan Hale. Edited by C. P. Atkinson. Marshall Jones. $3.50.

The Methodist Year Book—1919. Methodist Book Concern.

Yearbook of the Central Conference of American Rabbis, Chicago, Illinois. Vol. XXVIII.

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"Why is the price of meat so high?"

THE head of a Philadelphia family writes to ask us why the price of meat is so high.

There are, of course, many reasons.

All items entering into the operation of the retail meat shop have advanced tremendously in cost

The heavy demand for meat, caused by large orders from the Allies, and by high wages at home, has helped to boost prices. The lower purchasing power of the dollar has also caused the prices of all commodities to increase.

But one important factor is the high cost of producing and marketing meat all along the line from farm to retailer.

The retailer, for example, must pay higher wages to clerks and more for delivery service—in fact, everything entering into store operation has advanced tremendously.

And the retailer has got to get a much higher price for meat, because he has to pay the packers more for it.

The packers, in turn, are in the same position as the retailers. Labor, transportation, machinery, materials—all items in the packing business—have mounted rapidly. But here again the packers have to get higher prices for meat when they have to pay such high prices for live stock.

Wages of packing house laborers have increased over 100 per cent in the past three years

During the past four years cattle prices to Swift & Company advanced 74 per cent, whereas the price received for beef by Swift & Company has advanced only 61 per cent during the same period.

The farmers have had to get more for cattle because it costs more to raise them.

Every item entering into the production of cattle has gone up

Corn, for example, has doubled during the past four years; farm labor is scarce and wages are high.

But even with these higher production costs, the price of meat has gone up no more than the price of other foodstuffs—and this in face of the enormous quantities sent overseas to our Army and to the Allies.

The cost of all foods has increased during the past four years, and the advance in most cases has been greater than that on meat

If the packers were to eliminate their profits entirely, there would be practically no change in the price of meat. Swift & Company's profits average only a fraction of a cent per pound of meat.

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